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VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

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PENATI

COVER: Two pretty faces—Britt Ekland, a super glow of a girl, sparking up the screen next in *Stiletto* and *At Any Price*. Looking marvellous here with hair all tendrils and curly guiches and the colour of blushing apricots. Makeup in keeping: eyelids dressed in a blend of Aquas, Eggshell lighting the bone; and a peachy Peach mouth—all of Polly Bergen's devising. . . . As for the other beautiful face: this one's tiger's eye with time in its hands and a bed of gold. Piaget watch and its escort of gold and topaz chains: Van Cleef & Arpels. Gold turtleneck, knitted with Lurex: Sonia Rykiel, Chez Henri Bendel. Hugh Harrison coif.

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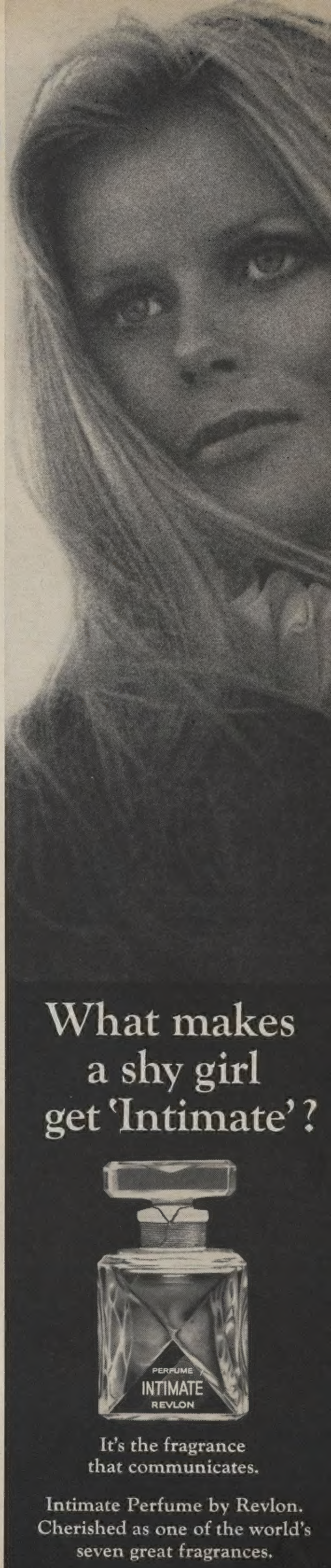
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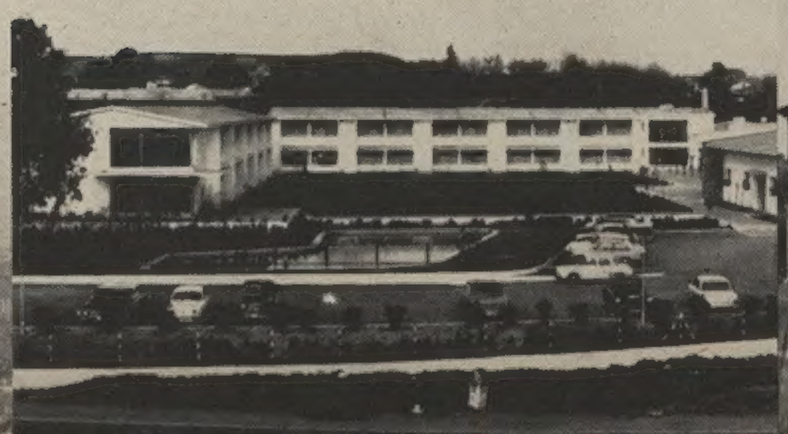
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Jaen: Parador Nacional del Castillo de Santa Catalina

Bailen: Albergue Nacional de Carretera de Bailen

Toledo: Parador Nacional de Toledo







Discover the paradores: a wonderful way to see SPAIN

Paradores are a wonderful Spanish invention . . . country inns as modern as today, in the finest tradition of Iberian hospitality. Castles, friaries and ancient haciendas, located strategically all over Spain have been transformed by celebrated architects into the most romantic and luxurious of hotel accommodations . . . operated by a friendly government. This is indeed the way to travel, this is the way to live! We were invited to visit six of the newest, from Madrid to Málaga . . .

Here is where we stayed:

Toledo: The new Parador Nacional de Toledo, stands high upon a mountain commanding the city. Built in "cigarral" style typical of the province, every room overlooks the spectacular view of the city captured by El Greco in his magnificent painting. Luxurious accommodations. Lots to see and do. Plan to stay at least a week.

Oropesa: The Parador Nacional Del Virrey de Toledo, 149 kilometers from Madrid, was once the palatial home of the Dukes of Frias. It features a delicious variety of culinary specialties. The town is a romantic gem.

Bailen: The Albergue Nacional de Carretera de Bailen, 296 kilometers from Madrid, is a comfortable wayside inn with interesting cuisine and a crystal clear swimming pool.

For further information, call the Spanish National Tourist Office, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York City, telephone [212] 759-3842.

Here is what we wore:

On the terrace: the column shaped white cotton ottoman coat; 6 to 16, 70.00. The off white wool felt hat; 30.00. On the dance floor: the backless textured rayon jumpsuit in red, white and navy floral print; 8 to 14, 28.00. B. Altman & Co., third floor, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and Ridgewood/Paramus.

TWA puts Spain at your doorstep:

With schedules that let you make Madrid as casually as you make Chicago.



Fashions photographed in Spain by Henry Clarke



Oropesa: Parador Nacional del Virrey de Toledo.



While you see

SPAIN

be sure that Spain sees you!

Here we are in Granada with so much to see and so much to do. (The Alhambra exceeds your fondest expectations. It could keep you breathless for weeks!) We lunched on the grounds at the historic inn where Washington Irving stayed. (It's now called the Washington Irving!) The city is enchanting, with exotic vistas, a dramatic view. It has one of Spain's oldest and noblest universities.

Here is where we stayed:

Jaen: The Parador Nacional del Castillo de Santa Catalina is built within the walls of an ancient castle, high on a mountain overlooking Jaen. It has rooms for only fourteen lucky guests, but the great banquet hall will seat a small army. This is one of the jewels of Spain. Make room reservations early.

Granada: The Parador Nacional de San Francisco nestles in a spacious garden inside the Alhambra grounds. It's an old Franciscan friary, miraculously converted into a romantic and luxurious inn, quiet, comfortable and unbelievably beautiful. Dining here is a rewarding experience.

Nerja: The Parador Nacional de Nerja was built to accommodate the throngs that visit the newly opened historic caves nearby. It has spacious public rooms and luxurious living quarters. The private beach is reached by a special lift, and the swimming pool is a Summer social center. Cuisine is excellent.

For further information, call the Spanish National Tourist Office, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York City, telephone [212] 759-3842.

Here is what we wore:

By the pool: persimmon color Ban-Lon® suit of nylon; 6 to 12, 27.00. Before the castle: the lightly curved textured rayon and silk dress in chalk white or black; 6 to 16, 50.00. The silk scarf-turban in navy, red and white print; 29.00. In the Alhambra: two piece triacetate pants set in yellow, green, grey and white print; 8 to 14, 36.00. B. Altman & Co., third floor, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, and branches.

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Fashions photographed in Spain by Henry Clarke



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Jaen: The banquet hall, Castillo de Santa Catalina.

Granada: The Parador Nacional de San Francisco.

Nerja: The Parador Nacional de Nerja.



A world of sun-drenched delights awaits you in Southern

SPAIN

Now on to Málaga and the Costa del Sol, playground of the new jet set. Here, under the bluest of skies we found a world of unsullied beauty. Here we dined on "treasures of the sea" and delightful local wines, while gentle breezes straight from Morocco fluttered in the canopy. This is a place of dreams. Plan to spend a month!

Here is where we stayed:

Málaga: The Parador Nacional de Gibralfaro crowns a noble hill, close to the Moorish castle. Its broad terrace embraces an enchanting view of the Mediterranean. Seafood is at its best here, and the wealth of pastries and confections suggests an Arabic influence. The ambience is warm and friendly.

Málaga: (Torremolinos) The Parador Nacional de Golf. This is where you relax and play in an elegant country club atmosphere. The spacious hacienda is beautifully decorated, built around a delightful swimming pool. The new 18 hole championship golf course is full of challenge and adventure. All the fashionable beaches are just a short drive away.

For further information, call the Spanish National Tourist Office, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York City, telephone [212] 759-3842.

Here is what we wore:

By the sea: persimmon color Ban-Lon® suit of nylon; 6 to 12, 26.00. Under the arches: Lacoste® minidress and pants in Dacron® polyester knit, sapphire blue or peony pink with white; 6 to 16, 55.00. The white lacy straw hat; 7.00. On the balcony: cotton voile buccaneer shirt in brown; 8 to 14, 16.00. White "oxford bag" cotton pants; 8 to 14, 18.00. B. Altman & Co., third floor, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, and branches.

TWA speeds you across the Atlantic:

Smoothly, quietly. We pamper you all the way to Madrid. See you soon.



Fashions photographed in Spain by Henry Clarke

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Torremolinos: poolside, Parador Nacional de Golf.

Torremolinos: Parador Nacional de Golf.

Gibralfaro: Terrace at Parador Nacional.


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via the bare midriff dress by The Sidneys—open statement of fashion but no communication gap. Black or white linen, $70.
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Graffiti

The blueprint reborn



Leave it to that fashion engineer, Mr. Dino. He hand printed this seascape on Stretchnit's soft, wrinkle-resistant knit of textured Arnel triacetate. And used it for wide-legged pants and a tunic that's also a minidress. In colors shown only, sizes 6-16. Pants, about $30; tunic, about $38. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Burdine's, Miami and Branches; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Sakowitz, Inc., Houston.

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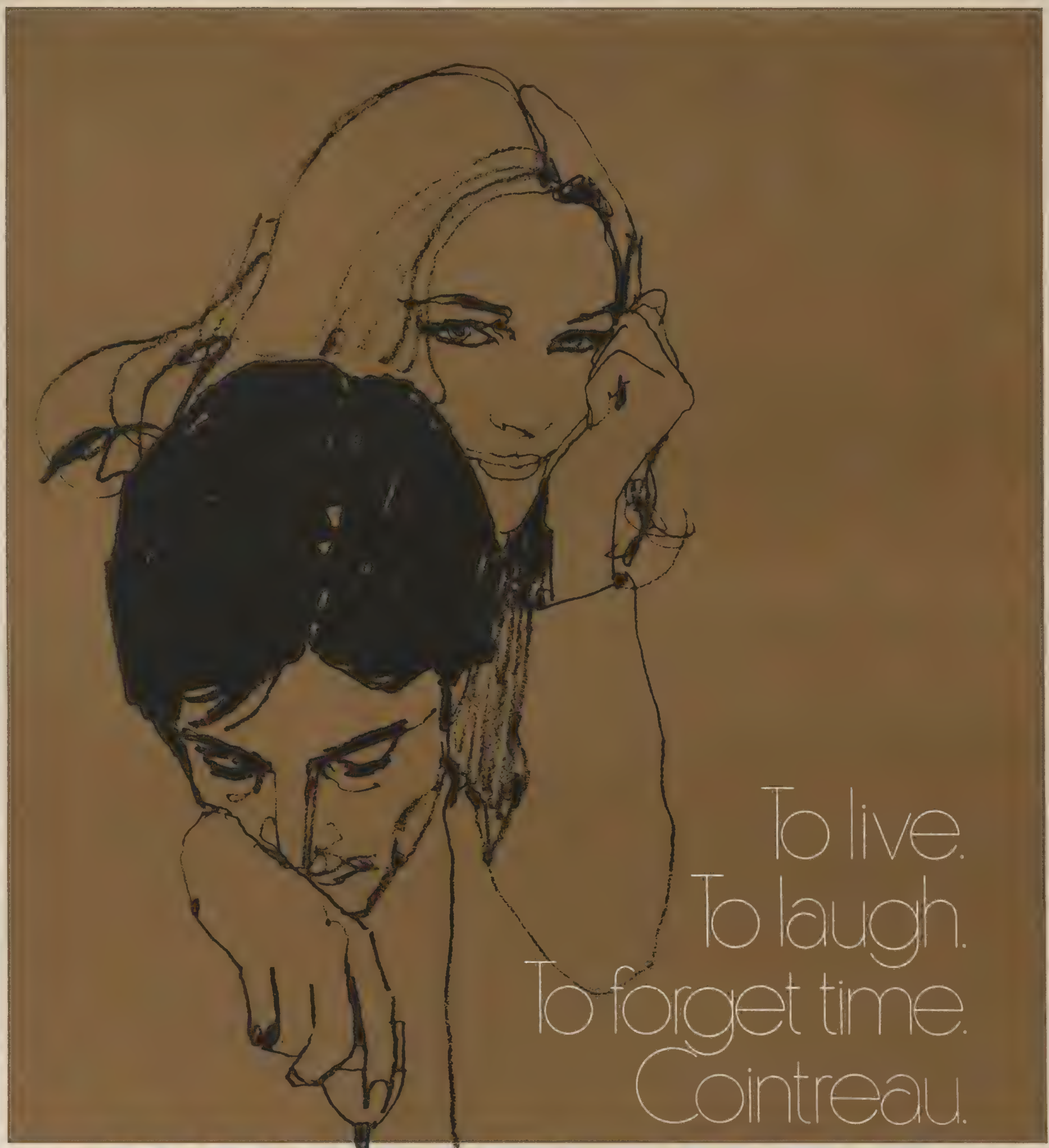
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

More on a red-headed woman

". . . makes a choo-choo jump its track. A red headed woman she can make it jump right back. Oh, she's jus' nature's child, she's got 'somethin' dat drives men wild."* So sang Crown in *Porgy and Bess*. Like most men (see page 44), he thinks redheads are special—have a flash and glow all their own. Even Charlie Brown suffers the pangs that only come with being hopelessly in love with an icy redhead. (No one is chillier than redheads when they want to be left alone.) He is sent into paroxysms of agony by her presence. He seeks consolation in a peanut butter sandwich, to no avail. When the redhead appears, he twists his sandwich into knots. She passes on, an Olympian figure in a romantic drama of which she is completely unaware. . . . A certain confidence comes of being a redhead in a blond-brown world. You spot a redhead in a crowd at once—no matter what she looks like. One redhead summed it up. "When my hair is clean and loose, I love to walk down the street in the sunshine. Heads *do* turn." . . .

It's a big-wig world

Windiest spot in New York has to be the corner of 58th Street and Fifth Avenue. Wiggiest spot right now, the 15′ x 30′ sunny yellow arbour four floors above it which is the breezy new Wig Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. This mirror-lined hive of hair-happy activity ("I guess you could call it Greek-y bouteek-y," said Carolyn Viccari, its blond British-born, American-geared keeper) has been buzzing with wig-loving honeybees since it opened ten weeks ago. All attracted by the wiglets, falls, and switches one expects to find, but especially by the freshest, most original accessories for them which are leaving the shelves "so fast we can't keep track." Among the delights are skinny Dynel braids wired for bows, loops, bands, George rings, and tumbling out in every colour. . . . Carolyn, her assistant Haydée, and four young helpers will scheme up anything for you. Most glorious success to date: a bonnet made on the spot from blond braids that an enraptured customer snapped up for $800. Leaving home the fastest, an Aladdin's cave of jewelled Hair Rings dreamed up by Carolyn. Sparkling in every colour you can imagine, some you couldn't—these are small crystally beads crocheted on a stretch band. Everything —from docked, braided ponytails to ribbon and braids by the yard—is the kind of magic hair addition you can do yourself. What you can't manage: cleaning, styling, and so on, the salon will manage for you. . . .

Heavenly calorie checkout

Last August we reported in this column a New York phenomenon occurring in midtown office buildings, including our own: more Skinny Shakes often going up on the elevator than people. Melancholy news later reached us. Purportedly only 88 calories the creamy pint, a chocolate Skinny was found, by New York City Department of Consumer Affairs, to harbour 377 calories. The diet pickings, already slim, became downright emaciated. . . . So now we are elated to note that Chock Full O' Nuts has plunged into the skinny game with Diet Chocolate Freeze, an enticing, frosty delicacy, 75 calories the 8-ounce glass. Pure cocoa and skim milk, a year in the development, Diet Chocolate Freeze strikes the palate like a frozen chocolate malted or a sherbet. One quarter procures it in most Chock Full O' Nuts restaurants (New York, New Jersey, Philadelphia). At the take-out counter, thirty cents sends it out with you in a thick foam container to keep it firm in transit. Fifty-five cents gives you a pint and 150 calories, a filling lunch—but not a "balanced" meal, the Chock people are quick to point out. "No vitamins added. They leave an aftertaste." . . . Can we be sure about the calories? One of those famous "independent" laboratories found, in a random sampling, 61.5 to 69.7 calories per 8-ounce container; air content varies. "We say 75 to be safe," a Chock executive told us. . . . Now that's an exalted malted. . . .

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Everything that Guerlain has learned about women went into this cologne.
Habit Rouge. For men.

ALSO IN AFTER SHAVE, CAPILLAQUE HAIR SPRAY, SHAVING CREAM AND SOAP



This isn't one of those blonds that anyone can pick up in a supermarket.

Don't pick your haircolor from the shelf in a supermarket or drugstore. If this color is there for you, it's there for a thousand other women to pick up.

And you don't want to look like the rest of them, exactly. You're different. And you deserve to look different from the mass-produced blond. Helene Curtis ColorEssence goes through great lengths to give your color more exclusivity. Our product is available only through fine salons. So not just everyone can have it.

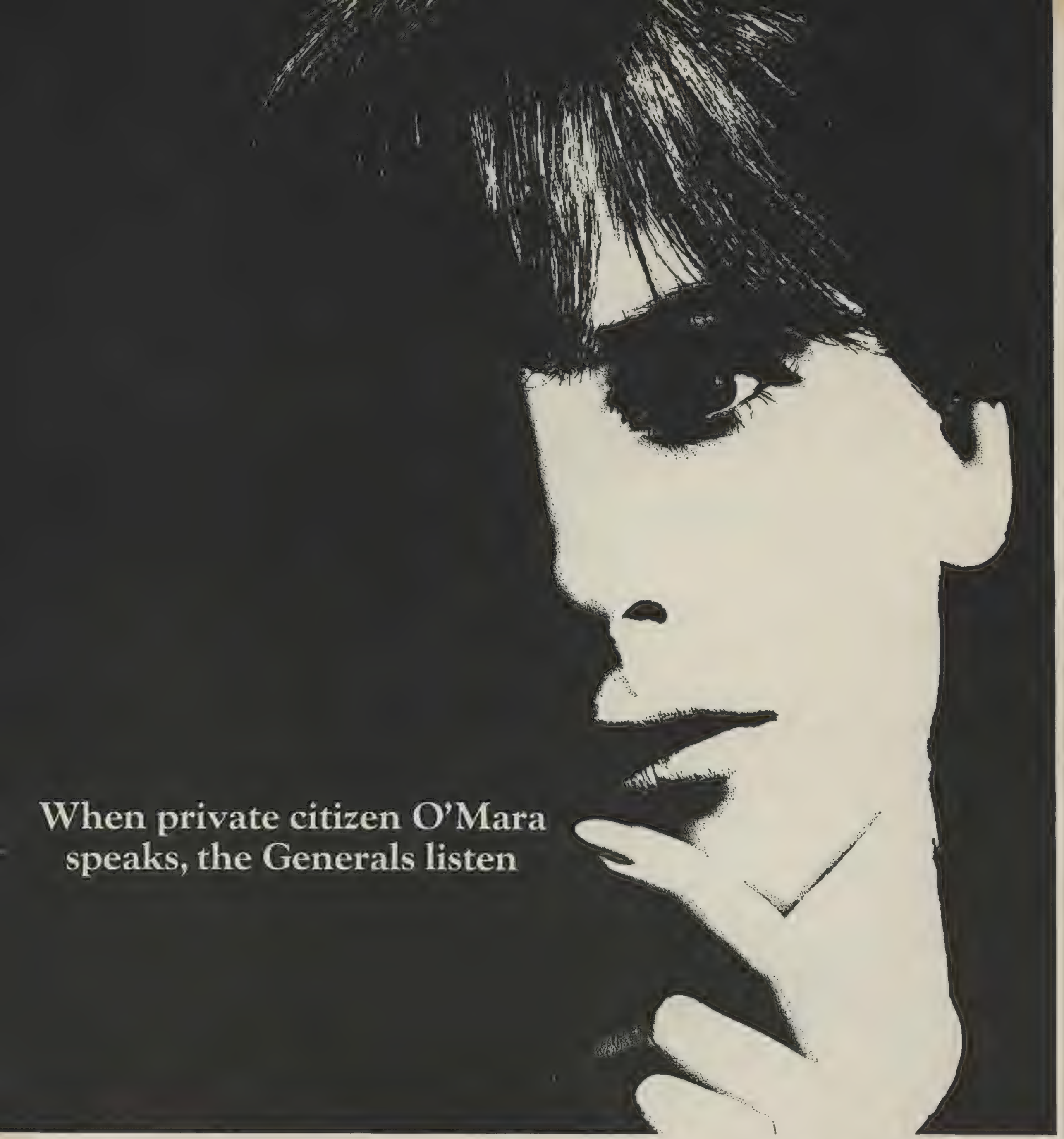
Because ColorEssence is always applied by highly trained haircolorists, blending and custom-shading are possible. You'll be a blond that no one has ever been before.

But there's an even better reason for you to have your hair colored in a fine salon with ColorEssence. Because our color is used only by professionals, we don't have to compromise on any of the essentials that make reds stay warm, ashes stay ash. And every color stays more beautiful longer.

So don't look like a mass-produced blond. Have your haircolor applied by a professional. Do it. Or rather, have it done.

ColorEssence® by Helene Curtis
the professional's haircolor
available only through fine salons.

PANT SUIT: ANTHONY MUTO FOR JOBERE/ SHOES: HERBERT LEVINE/ JEWELRY: K.J.L.



When private citizen O'Mara speaks, the Generals listen

General Foods, General Motors, General Mills *better* pay attention to the likes of Mrs. O'Mara. Because she—and *you*—buy only the brands you like. And drop the ones you don't.

That's the wonderful power you have when you have free choice. It's free choice that keeps the Generals on their toes trying to please the troops. And in competing with each other, they generally come up with something better. Or cheaper. Or else.

Yet, strangely enough, there are well-meaning people in this country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs. O'Mara is confused by *too much* choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 36 different kinds of cars. Reduce the choice, they say. Wouldn't four kinds of cake mix be enough? Standardize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of batter but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plum-nut mix—and that's apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

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Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 112-113; other views, yardages, details)



2153

Above: The long tunic (shown over pants on page 113) with a short skirt. Vogue Pattern 2153. Sizes 8-16. Size 10 tunic: 1⅞ yds. of 60″ fabric with or without nap. Size 10 skirt: ⅞ yd. of 60″ fabric with or without nap. $2; in Canada, $2.20.



7578

Above: Long tunic (shown with skirt on page 112) and pants. Vogue Pattern 7578. Sizes 8-16. Size 10 tunic: 2⅛ yds. of 60″ fabric with or without nap. Size 10 pants: 1⅜ yds. of 60″ fabric with or without nap. $2; in Canada, $2.20.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A snow-spun wedding in Austria



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High in the Austrian Alps, in the village of Werfen laced with freshly fallen snow, Princess Henriette von Auersperg and Mr. Arndt von Bohlen und Halbach of Germany were married in the chapel of Blühnbach castle. In a tradition as old as white veils, the bridal party was dressed in enchanting, bright Austrian costumes, with the bride wearing a blue dirndl and a crown of flowers on her blond curls.

Blühnbach castle, once owned by Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and now by the family of the groom (the formidable Krupps), was looped for the wedding with evergreen and miniature flags on the outside—the temperature was fourteen degrees; inside, the climate of an April garden, with tiered tulips, narcissus, and iris.

With her father, the bride drove to her wedding in a horse-drawn sleigh, but after the ceremony the parish priest of Werfen led a procession on foot across the snow to dinner at the seventeenth-century castle. Villagers, celebrating, wore traditional costumes—including those of chimney sweeps—to greet the bride and groom.

1. The ceremony at the chapel of Blühnbach castle. 2. Villagers from Werfen. 3. The wedding procession. 4. Princess Alfred von Auersperg. Mr. Arnold von Bohlen und Halbach. 5. The bride and groom leaving the chapel. 6. Count Ulrich von Arko-Zinneberg, Countess Peter von Sailern, Count Engelbert von Arko-Zinneberg, Count Peter von Sailern. 7. Prince Aloys von Auersperg and the bride leaving for the chapel.

COUNTESS DOHNA



1

Two days before the wedding, at Salzburg's Goldener Hirsch, two hundred and fifty guests of Prince and Princess Aloys von Auersperg, parents of the bride, celebrated the wedding-on-the-way with a buffet of the extravagantly delicious dishes Austria is famous for, served by waiters in Austrian costumes; the evening filled with music for dancing, later with a song sung by Princess Alfred von Auersperg, sister-in-law of the then bride-to-be.

Later, the wedding journey spindled from snow to sun when, after a few days with friends in Kitzbühel and in London, Mr. and Mrs. Arndt von Bohlen und Halbach moved to their palace in Marrakesh, a present to the father of the groom from the King of Morocco.

1. The dinner at Blühnbach castle. 2. Countess Peter Wolff-Metternich, Baroness Riccardo Winspeare, Count Ernst Goess. 3. Mr. David Robertson, Princess Rupricht zu Lowenstein, Mr. Robert Bourisk. 4. Signore and Signora Carlo Rossi. 5. Mrs. Georg Pappas, Mr. Arnold von Bohlen und Halbach, Countess Johannes von Walderdorf.



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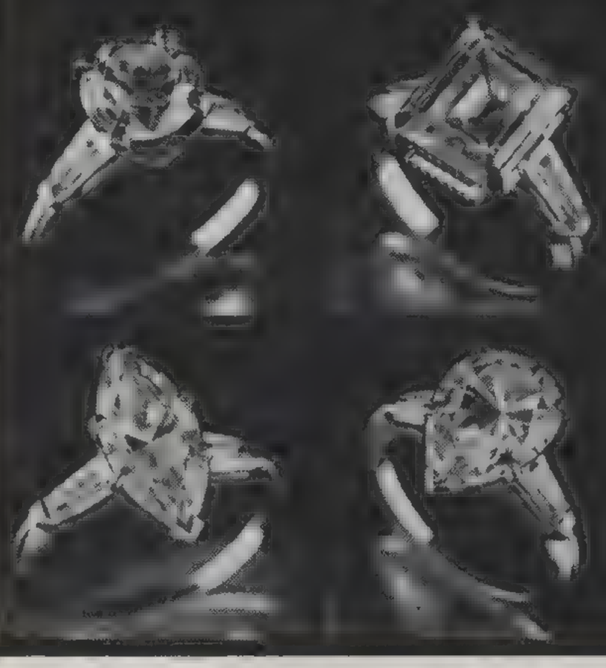


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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Theatre

BY JULIUS NOVICK

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men, "*adroit*"

Nowadays, when we are reminded so insistently by Black separatists that Blacks are *different* from whites, we wonder: What do they do, those mysterious Blacks, how do they act among themselves, when no white man is watching? And though I am in no position to speak for the Black community, it does seem as if there is now a Black audience newly eager to confront its own lives in the theatre. Thus the time is ripe for *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, a realistic comedy-drama set in "Harlem, USA," written by Lonne Elder, III, and first presented by the Negro Ensemble Company in New York. And Lonne Elder and his actors have responded to their opportunity with an adroit combination of picturesqueness and what I take to be authenticity. (The play will reopen with a new cast April 18.)

The leading dark old man, a character called Mr. Russell B. Parker, is a former vaudeville hoofer, which means that one scene can erupt into a rousing dance. One son, Theo, makes the best corn liquor in the neighbourhood, and his other son, Bobby, has a true vocation for stealing. When I saw it, Douglas Turner as Mr. Parker and William Jay as Theo gave pleasantly extroverted performances, with plenty of the Black equivalent of *shtick*. There was also a quieter, finer, wonderfully sleazy, gum-chewing characterization by David Downing as Bobby, the thief.

This play is rooted in what it made me accept as a genuine and significant set of Negro mores. There is one other member of the Parker family: a daughter, Adele, "black, over twenty-one, and the only working person in this house." She supports her father and her grown-up brothers; the plot is set in motion by her threat to throw them out of the house unless they get jobs. As a play, *Ceremonies* is out of control: The characters are inconsistent, and the cumbersome unfolding of the plot tedious at times; but by the end, we have learned a little about what it feels like to live in the ghetto.

In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer, "*haggling*"

In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer is a dramatization by Heinar Kipphardt of the 1954 hearings that denied security clearance to "the father of the atomic bomb." Devoted largely to haggling over minor points of evidence, it sheds very little light either on the great issue of freedom *vs.* security, or on the enigmatic personality of Dr. Oppenheimer. The dullness is somewhat alleviated by several witnesses played by Stephen Elliott, Herbert Berghof, Tony van Bridge, and others, but nothing is helped by the smug performance of Joseph Wiseman in the title rôle. The Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center has done it again.

Hamlet, "*flair for the grotesque*"

When the artistic director of a repertory company is an actor, there is always the danger that he will be tempted to cast himself in parts that he has no business playing. Ellis Rabb, the artistic director of New York's APA-Phoenix, is a fine character actor with a virtuoso flair for the grotesque, but he certainly makes a strange Hamlet: skinny, beaky faced, no longer in his first youth. Though well-spoken, this Hamlet seems to have only two emotions: love of his own profile, and disdain for everything else.


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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANTHONY WEST

I Am Curious (Yellow), "*promises of horrors*"

I Am Curious (Yellow) is being hawked about as one of the most important pictures Norman Mailer has ever seen in his life. We are also given that aging pixie's assurance that this visually very dull thing is profoundly moral.

The man responsible for *I Am Curious,* Vilgot Sjöman, is a New Left square who has moved on from slavish imitation of Ingmar Bergman to incomprehension of Jean-Luc Godard. His first big art theatre success, *My Sister, My Love,* was a jolly little upper-class incest story which built to a movie breakthrough—the first Caesarian performed on a corpse to hit the screen. (The lady in question, the icily beautiful Bibi Andersson, was cut open to save her baby after her husband had shot her with a horse pistol.) Through with aristocratic decadence, Sjöman has now zeroed in on the vitality, candour, and all that, of the new woman liberated by the pill, and has given the boy-meets-girl formula a fresh twist: It now goes boy meets girl, boy gets girl, boy gets crabs, clinic gets both, girl loses boy.

The scenes played in the delousing rooms at the clinic are full of promises of horrors to come. One sees a whole deplorable medico-hygienic universe of squalid material being stripped of its protective tabus as one watches the stark naked hero's genitals being brushed over with some sort of gooey DDT mixture. . . . And then there is the sex.

The donnée of *I Am Curious* is that it is a movie about Sjöman—forty-two, plumpish but terribly, terribly with-it and liberated, like, you know, *young*—who is making this anti-Viet Nam war, antimonarchy, now-type movie in which his current girl friend is playing the lead, and in which that lady is called on to make love with an actor. The on-camera copulation isn't supposed to count, it's just work the dear girl has to do. But as reel follows reel, and copulation follows copulation, the girl's pretend-thing with the actor gets more real than her real thing with Sjöman, who loses her to the other chap and has to start over with a new starlet as the film ends.

To make all this clear there is a lot of cross-cutting from the bare bottoms and heaving bosoms of the actors to the face of the bearded director. He looks increasingly uptight and peevish as his insecurity about the degree of his girl friend's involvement in her part grows. Apart from proving that Sjöman is one of the world's least talented actors, these shots do give one a somewhat jolting reminder of just what is going on. Sjöman's actors—an astonishingly plain pair as Swedish pairs go—were doing their stuff live in the presence of a camera and production crew of ten or twelve people. The parodies of the act of love that they were paid to put on for this professional group were performed so that they could be canned for distribution through commercial channels to commercial theatres. What one is looking at when one sees this couple at work on the screen is an exhibition of the kind that used to be part of the stock in trade of the old-fashioned brothel.

I Am Curious, in spite of its trendy politics, does nothing whatever to remove one's feeling that there can never have been anything remotely healthy, let alone profoundly moral, in arranging to have that particular act done to order, for money, and for others to watch.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Pop Music

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

Johnny Winter, "*instant orbit*"

Maybe we shouldn't blame stardom on Johnny Winter. After all, it's not his fault that he's a blond-on-blond blues guitarist from Texas. Nobody can blame him for being gaunt and gangly. Yet it was these factors, as much as his skill as a musician, that made Johnny Winter a preordained celebrity.

Onstage, in such mammoth expectation chambers as the Fillmore East, or in more intimate cellar clubs like The Scene, he's all a hardrock partisan could envision for 1969—the year of the Pop Antihero. He doesn't slink or scowl in the Jagger-Morrison tradition. In fact, he seems oblivious to the ritualized motions of contempt which have animated rock ever since Elvis Presley unveiled that sacred wiggle. If you ever see Johnny Winter shift his hips, it probably means his foot's asleep.

Otherwise, he stands stock still at stage centre—the only rock musician in my memory to win a standing ovation without moving as if he deserved one. With a floppy hat pulled over his eyes and a shock of straight white hair descending past his shoulder blades, he is the essence of insularity in a medium known to value exhibitionism more than honesty.

This is not to imply, however, that Winter is a straight man. He's no raunchy Glen Campbell, to be sure. Winter happens to be the first albino to make it as a rock musician. I don't mention this as superficial filler, for his visual impact is central to his appeal. It's what the kids see when they look up from his guitar—as they must during some of his solos—and it's impressive enough to inspire comments like the one I received in a letter devoted to "heavy blues": "How can some one so white sound so black?"

Superlatives like that are inevitable as the mass audience for "underground" rock shifts gears to accommodate the blues revival. It has been apparent for some time that the publicity granted such blues giants as B. B. King and Howlin' Wolf would only serve to pave the way for the first white musician who could reconcile the sober cool of the bluesman with the freaky grace of the rock star.

Johnny Winter is a man for all seasons in that regard, at least. His unshakable restraint coupled with his moon child's aplomb are perfectly matched. His Texas background is exotic enough, and his blues delivery is facile enough to draw the praise of such musicians as Mike Bloomfield (king of bagel-blues) but not quite ingenious enough to draw their ire.

With all the interoffice hype and with a few crucial raves in the rock press, Johnny Winter found himself in instant orbit. And, inevitably, he was signed to the highest bidder—Columbia Records—which paid a reputed $400,000 for the right to package Johnny Winter. Quite an advance for a bowl of genuine hominy.

I suppose we shouldn't blame him for that. Acclaim based more on image than on substance is not unusual in pop music—nor is it his fault. He is, after all, a *decent* musician, and I use the word the way a defense attorney would. But no attempt at exoneration could negate Winter's complicity in his own inflation. There are only perpetuators of hype; no one is its victim.

Right now, the only person who could walk out on all that image-mongering is busy posing for pictures with record executives—Winter in his Afro-freako pullover and the gentleman who pays the bills in a shiny grey suit. Guilty as charged.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY FREDERIC TUTEN

Art and Technology in California

New York City. June, 1968. Lunch. Maurice Tuchman, Senior Curator of Modern Art at the Los Angeles County Museum, ebullient dreamer of the New Frontier in contemporary art; Roy Lichtenstein, artist; myself. Tuchman wanted Lichtenstein to participate in his Art and Technology project sponsored by his museum and by thirty of the largest industries in California. Artists from the world over were to come to California and take residence with an industry of their choice and remain there from two weeks to three months, during which time the artist would/should/might create a work of art with the collaboration of the resources and technology of the industry, the results to be exhibited by the Los Angeles Museum in April, 1970.

Although Lichtenstein was interested, he didn't know what kind of industry might suit him. Tuchman went over some of the names on the list: I.B.M., Lockheed, Philco-Ford, Rand, Ampex, Lear Siegler, Disneyland, Universal City Studios, Container Corporation of America, American Cement. . . . We had just come from Lichtenstein's studio where he had a three-foot-high dotted cardboard pyramid—an idea for an edition of them. "Why not build a pyramid of reinforced concrete an inch higher than the forty-storey one in Egypt, stencil it with dots, and dump it in the Nevada desert? You could bill it as the world's highest pyramid," I suggested. Lichtenstein warmed to the idea: "Yes, or we could build ten *four*-storey pyramids and arrange them over the desert."

Tuchman was not sure: Can (even) reinforced concrete bear such a strain? And, is concrete the kind of material Roy *really* wanted to work with? Who knows? Lichtenstein thought he would come out to Los Angeles and see what the industries involved had to offer. Perhaps nothing would happen. "Fine, fine, just come out," Tuchman said, looking every minute more a junior film mogul of the Hollywood 'twenties.

Los Angeles. Spring, 1969. No pyramids. Lichtenstein finally decided on films instead of concrete and went into residence at Universal Studios where I visited him. Lichtenstein had always thought of making a film-collage, using kinetic, static, and sound elements. The problem rested on the means of projection—Lichtenstein never wanted the projector to intrude on the viewer, that is, have the viewer cast his own silhouette on the film-collage. Rear projection seemed the only solution, although rear projection had so far involved long distances between the screen and the projector. But for Lichtenstein's project, Universal specialists devised ways to reduce the distance by half. Lichtenstein went ahead. One of the films, running on a continuous band, will show a sky with a tiny airplane buzzing across the screen and, perhaps, a painted or collaged landscape below it.

"Do they know who you are, what kind of work you do?" I asked. Lichtenstein smiled. "Well, the art department fellows at Universal are perhaps the greatest trompe-l'oeil artists in the world, they can paint the backdrops of rooms so realistically that you walk into them before realizing what they are. One man brought me a drawing he had made and presented it to me with a modest 'of course it isn't museum quality, Mr. Lichtenstein.' "

The next day I went to the "studio" of R. B. Kitaj, Ohio-born London expatriate, a former merchant seaman who looks like a sunburned Herman Melville. In fact, Kitaj looks like a movie version of the nineteenth-century artist or the perfect extra for *La Bohème*. This vision is partly valid: Kitaj is an old-fashioned painter with brush and palette, he does not send out his canvases to be sprayed, and the incongruity of his being a participant in this project dazzled me even more as we drove up to the gates of Lockheed Aircraft. Kitaj beamed. He had a surprise for me.

After a showing of passes and credentials, we were met by David Belson, a young computer specialist who works at Lockheed as a kind of free-floating Think Man. Belson showed us poems he had programmed, and Kitaj wondered if he could incorporate computer-written texts into one of his own projects. We three walked through a maze of doors and cubicles until we came to a playing-field-size room lit only by fluorescent tubes. Vast grey machines hummed and twanged, clicked and thwacked in a concert that John Cage would long to tape. Kitaj led me to a twelve-inch television set that stood on a desk. Connected to the set was a pen-like instrument with which drawings can be made on the screen. The drawing is first transmitted to a memory tape, then is reproduced by a mechanical arm on a sheet of paper laid out on an eighteen-foot steel bed. Once the drawing is made, it can be reproduced in whatever scale the draughtsman desires, and since the paper is wound on a huge roll, the drawing theoretically could go on for miles. More. The memory tape records the archetypal image so that the artist may run off the identical drawing years after it was first made on the television screen. Kitaj was enchanted. He wanted to make an edition of television drawings as he had made lithographs: Instruct the tape to run off, say, fifty drawings, then erase the tape as one would destroy a lithograph stone or plate. "Actually," Kitaj said, "I am working at five other projects at Lockheed much more interesting than this."

At this point in Art and Technology not all the projects are as clearly defined as Lichtenstein's or Kitaj's. Much is still in the thinking, planning stage. For those artists still uncommitted to a specific project, Dr. Richard Feynman, young Nobel Prize physicist and special consultant to Art and Technology—a man whom at first I mistook for some whimsical Celtic poet—tries to make intelligible the limits and range of a technological world that may appear to the artist to be a mixture of a Rube Goldberg comic and Stanley Kubrick's film *2001*. The English sculptor Eduardo Paolozzi chose Wyle Laboratories to work—the rumour is—with liquid gases; Jean Dubuffet is expected to visit American Cement; Claes Oldenburg will work at Disneyland; and Andy Warhol watched new research in holography at Ampex and Robert Morris is interested in working with thermal control and air-conditioning at Lear Siegler. In some instances several weeks of work have produced schemes for projects that only require further testing and exploration. Robert Irwin and James Turrell have been working with an acoustically insulated chamber in which sounds can be translated into tactile surfaces, but no one yet knows what will emerge from these experiments.

What will be accomplished one year from now? Mr. Kenneth Donahue, Director of the Los Angeles County Museum, said that the work produced may be less interesting than the process. Even at this early stage certain things are apparent. The direction of Art and Technology is not toward the fabrication of creaky, pulley-and-wheel machines showing that the artist has learned of the existence of the motor nor the making of oversized toys for a fun house exhibition.

At worst, one year from now, the Los Angeles Museum will have a body of work that is more relevant for its technological interest than any intrinsic aesthetic merit, but Art and Technology still will have accomplished a great deal. It is a revolutionary situation. I suspect that no museum in the world has been so directly responsible for the creation of works of art, and in its intermediary rôle the Los Angeles Museum has extended the traditional functions of a museum—to preserve and exhibit art—and has given the institution a fresh mission, wholly vital and profound.

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THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Polymorphism, "*mystic, crackpot?*"

The idea of manifestos in the world of art is as déjà vu as the *je m'enfoutisme* proclaimed by the Dadaists. The appearance in 1969 of a manifesto declaring a new aesthetic for the artist is nothing if not the newest underground development.

A band of artists and poets from New York and abroad have signed their names to a nine-part manifesto entitled Polymorphism. Its chief promulgator is the artist Dr. Walter Gaudnek, a German by birth, whose forays into mystically inspired paintings, constructions, and environments produced a small stir of controversy at a time when mysticism as applied to the arts seemed a dubious preoccupation. Gaudnek's show at New York's Martha Jackson gallery in 1961 consisted of a disquieting series of black-and-white snake-shaped mazes through which the public walked, and from which they emerged somewhat dazed and not a little angry. The mind-expanding syndromes of psychedelic art had not as yet made their appearance, and Gaudnek, considering himself a visionary, folded his mazes and temporarily retired from the art world.

Immersed in the study of mystical and religious symbolism in art, Walter Gaudnek obtained a Ph.D. from New York University. During his studies he dug into a vast literature dealing with mystic aspects of good and evil—on the duality of a universe that seems simultaneously to strive for redemption and extinction—and laid the groundwork for his theories and grand scheme.

His dissertation completed, Gaudnek returned to Germany where he founded Polymorphism. Together with the poet Finley Eversole and the artists Arnold Daidalos Wande, Peter Mack, and Lou Theisen, he lost little time in launching their cause.

What is Polymorphism? According to Gaudnek, it basically defines the simultaneity and the indeterminacy of life as well as of art. It is a coming together of all vital energies—it is an infinite flow between art and the universe. It is an unfolding and exploding simultaneity of feelings and images. In short, it is a mystic view of the arts.

The manifesto strives to encompass the essential ambiguities in the gestures of human creation and of human existence. It does not dictate a life style nor does it insist on any one creative aesthetic. Its purpose is to awaken the artist, the poet, the musician—even the critic—to an awareness of his hidden, Promethean, if not cosmic, powers.

Walter Gaudnek, whose face bears a haunting resemblance to both Antonin Artaud and Franz Kafka, is now disseminating his philosophy in New York. The zeal and fervour of his beliefs are reflected in the wording of his manifesto. I quote at random:

> Polymorphism as initiation, rebirth.
> The labyrinth tree: Narcissus reflecting earth and sky.
> Tree and labyrinth are male and female, the womb and the stem of life.
> Up and down: the two ways of regeneration.
> A polymorphic mankind could heal itself.

Mystic, crackpot, zealot—Gaudnek is not selling anything except an idea. He is concerned with a state of *being*. The message may be Messianic and it may have little effect upon the artistic community. Still, there is no denying the seriousness of his intent. In a world of devastating confusion any search for clarity has its value.



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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Madonna! Unlikely name for the likeliest men's shop in town for great new shirts. Fantastically luxurious see-through voiles, embroidered sheers, thin cottons woven with satiny squares of pale pink on paler, everything cut almost as close as skin; a range of good, broad collars. $25 to $30 for shirts. Open noon to eight p.m. at 304 E. 53rd St., N. Y. C.

Make belts, not guns, from steel. . . . Carlo Palazzi's handmade belt of smooth links of steel (seen in Jan. 15 Vogue) is the runaway best seller in Rome. More than 50,000 have been sold so far at Palazzi's shop, via Borgognona, 7, Rome.

Fair Isle. Words to relearn for sweaters . . . intricate patterns of sweaters woven in Scotland's Fair Isles are back, recoloured in bright pastels. A sleeveless, skinny V neck to tuck into white trousers, overbelt, and wear with high-collared, open-neck shirt and bright pale neckcloth is the summer's great look. Sweater, $32.50, Just Men, 17 East 67th St., New York.

Diamonds: lattice-like prints in poster-red or blue on sheer white voile casual shirts. Summer forerunners for autumn's big Argyle invasion. Shirt, $25 stock or $50 custom. Palacio, 1023 Third Ave.; 830 Lexington Ave., New York.

Getting into shape for this summer



BERRY BERENSON

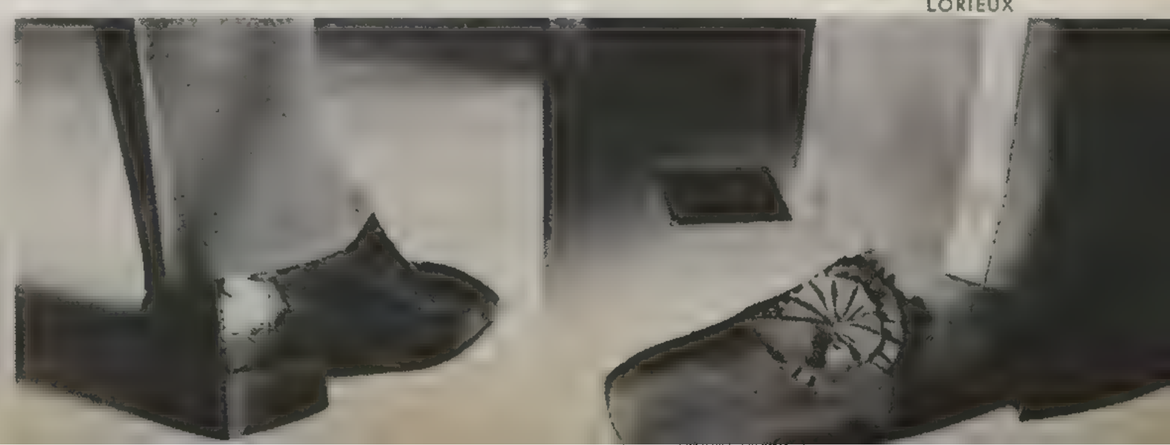
In shape for summer this year means lots of light, bright patterns in jackets, trousers, scarfs, and shirts; an easy resort suit, jacket cut like a shirt; lots of white or bright long scarfs to knot at the throat, collecting good-looking belts and wearing two or three buckled over an open-necked summer shirt worn outside trousers. Summer looks: *above,* Rupert Lycett Green's Persian print jacket, white trousers, long white neckcloth. All, Blades, 905 Madison Avenue. *Right:* Beige linen suit overbelted, scarfed (Cerruti fabric). Nativo, Piazza del Duomo, 4, Florence.

Square heel and toe. Shape of ***Roger Vivier's*** first to-order collection of men's shoes, a great success in Paris. From left, Bordeaux calf strapped shoe; square black stacked leather heel detail; black peau de soie evening shoe, black grosgrain cocarde, stacked leather heel. From Roger Vivier, 24 rue François Ier, Paris.



FRANCO RUBARTELLI





LORIEUX

COTTON: YOU CAN FEEL HOW GOOD IT LOOKS

TANNER OF NORTH CAROLINA fashions the ever popular shirtwaist dress in a cotton piqué as assertive as a semaphore. Only cotton can contrast navy blue and white so sharply. Only cotton can look as *cool* as it feels. As shown only; 8 to 18. About $45 at better stores across the country. COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.



Marshall Field, Chicago; R.H. Stearns, Boston; L.S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Westmoreland's, Sarasota; Albrecht's, Minneapolis; McCurdy & Co., Rochester; Swanson's, Kansas City, Mo.

AVEDON

THE BEAUTY TIME

Half into spring, summer on the way: Time for dresses that show some skin—and for skin that's marvellous to show. Time for pyjamas with see-through legs—and for legs that are something to see. Time to do delicious things with your hair: Get on to a new coiffure—one that's small and rounded and smooth to the skull is divine. Put in streaks. Change the colour entirely—have a go at red hair—at Gypsy hair, blue-black as a crow's wing. . . . Look at yourself with a fresh eye; you're likely to see an untapped beauty there—name of You. . . . As for Miss Butterfly-Eyes, above—her Beauty Timing is perfect: when the sun comes out, the shades go on—pretty pretty ones like these giant papillons. Bernard Kayman makes them, Bonwit Teller has them. Ara Gallant coiffure.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright...

RED HAIR

as a way of life

The privileges.
The responsibilities.
The ground rules.

There are more red-headed girls around than there used to be, say, six months ago. One sees them glowing like torches, raking their rosy manes with permissive fingers, basking, with a healthily narcissistic delight, in the way people look at them. Most to the point, in the way men look at them. Even plain redheads get looked at quite a lot. A really good-looking one comes through every door like a thunderclap. Born redheads are rare; the figure is something absurd, like five per cent. But the lure of red hair is far more primitive than the prosy mathematics of supply and demand. Red is the colour of heat, of wine, of fever, of blood. Red is the signal of danger. It is both a welcome and a warning, and even the most civilized man feels a curiously atavistic quickening of the senses at the sight of a red-haired woman. Never mind that she may be a notorious mouse. *He* knows that, deep inside, she is a quivering mass of passion and fireworks—a thrower of paperweights when displeased. That's pretty challenging stuff, and therein lies the heart (also red) of his conflict. He is a man. He is warmed, fed, sustained, electrified by passion. He loves a challenge. That is, he loves a challenge some of the time. If he's feeling up to it. On the other hand, a man can't spend all his time tilting at passion and dodging paperweights. What about his work? What about his golf? What about eight hours of sleep? . . . It's not easy for a girl with tiger hair to hang on to her blistering temperament, while simultaneously transmitting waves of comfort, understanding, and durability. We know one notable success in her seventies, who has, with the cooperation of a gifted colourist, kept up the crackling hair and disposition, but has drenched it all with a helplessness that would embarrass a new-born kitten. Her husband dotes. . . . Red hair can be any colour from marmalade to strong tea. Usually it is accompanied by sun-shunning skin the colour and fragility of onionskin paper, with a charming frequency of freckles. The hair can be tenderly and creatively encouraged to deepen from marmalade to bronze, or soften from orange to autumn leaf. However, the skin must be cherished and protected more than any other. Recent research by Dr. Peter Flesch of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School shows that the pigment that makes a redhead is predominantly an iron-containing substance. Her pigmentary system operates somewhat differently from brunettes and blondes, whose pigment is predominantly melanin. The redhead's skin, therefore, has more susceptibility to sun, wind, cold, heat, and careless handling. Cosmetically, it's a time bomb. Pablo, wise man of Elizabeth Arden, told us that he abhors clichés in makeup for the red-haired. He almost never uses blue eye shadow, or even green, but does intriguing subtleties with grey, from smoke-wisp to pewter. He admires freckles, and prefers a translucent foundation that lets them twinkle. Eyebrows are kept light and un-fakey, but he rather approves of darkish brown lashes (accomplished easily enough with mascara, false lashes, or even dye, which lasts for months). Most important, a redhead's lips must be bright . . . bright pink, geranium, sizzling orange. . . . One of the minor but exceedingly gratifying triumphs of those romantic types in the chemistry labs is that any woman can become a believable redhead in twenty minutes. That's if her own hair is blond, grey, or light brown. A brunette needs a little more time. There are, significantly, many more red-haired Beautiful People this year. There are more red-haired photographic models. . . . The French farmer can predict, with stunning accuracy, the season ahead, by spotting on which side of the tree magpies are building their nests. . . . If you're a woman, there's a lot to be learned by observing the avant-red-garde.

BALL OF FIRE

Ear, ear, gentlemen. Eternal femme coquetry: just the little ear exposed on a round, smooth,
small burnished head calculated to strike sparks in the stoniest of hearts.
A man, looking at it with his inner eye, would have the whole glorious smoulder of hair falling around
bare shoulders like a single suffusing blush. Carita, in Paris, is more subtle.
She wrapped the silken skein as if it were a chiffon scarf in a 1920 Lagonda touring car,
and tucked the ends into a throat-embracing fantasy of turquoise and diamonds from Cartier.

BERT STERN





THERE'S A REDHEAD IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE

...there either is, or there
was once—a redhead he
can't put out of his mind.
Like the memorable Nerida
here, heat lightning with blue
flashes of eyes, product of
Australia. Her paled ivory skin,
her radiance, her ineffable
naughty-but-niceness are
part of the redhead syndrome.
Lightning that strikes twice
on these pages:
Left, thick, little-girl ringlets
tumbling at different levels
down a ravishing back.
Right, hair that swings across
the face like a veil,
one of the most provocative
looks on earth....Hair by
Jason Croy of Derel Coiffures.

GENE LAURENTS

In every woman's life there could be a WINNING STREAK

Is there a woman so wicked that she does not deserve a winning streak? No, no, no. And the streak that could put her on the right track for the big stakes adds glancing lights to her hair, gleams her face. "Streaks account for 40% of our colour business," said a hairdresser whose clients all seem to be winners. Streaks are shoo-ins. Now they're glue-ins, glued-in here by Ara Gallant. More than a passing glancing, *left:* ash streaks boldly glued under dark hair, curving bluntly over chin, falling long in back. (Nose ring, Mark XIV.) . . . Streaking more gentle, 1969 version of Gibson-Girlish fluff, *right:* ash streaks in light brown hair, the total wrapped back around a crépon, anchored on top with bun —romantic coif winning a place in the 1969 show.

AVEDON





THE BODY TALKS

"There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip. Nay; her foot speaks: her wanton spirits look out at every joint and motive of her body." That's Shakespeare's Ulysses talking there—on Cressida, girl of Troilus. . . .

The body reveals choices made. The walk instead of the ride. The quick walk instead of the quiet. The jog instead of the walk. (Regarding jogging, have you ever been able to differentiate, on a city street, between who's jogging and who's just late for a date? Maybe they can't tell about you, either.) The leg that swings from the hip, instead of the knee. . . .

The body declares results of decision after decision in the intake department. The sweet foregone in favour of the meat. The light wine instead of the cocktail. White wine, because it's a mite less caloric, instead of red. Red wine, because of its higher iron content, instead of white. Mineral water instead of wine. Anything instead of a cigarette. . . .

The elbow points to knowing care. Feet toe the mark. Pumice and loofah ease off dead skin. Plastic heel cups help heal winter heels. Whirlpool foot baths rev up lazy circulation. Special creams polish the rough spots. (Splendid example: Charles of the Ritz's new Akimbo duo—abrasive cream followed by emollient—designed for the ragged areas.)

YARDS OF GLORY ENHANCE THE STORY

The body's wealth of strength and health:
a tale well told in colour and gold.
One of nine ways of wearing the sari
today, the eloquent looks here are
adaptations of saris in which
Indian women of Maharashtra
went forth to battle on horseback.
Three scarfs, *left*, draped in three
minutes. Two scarfs, *right*, draped
in two. Silk, hand-loomed in India.
In every colour, no two the same, at Sona
The Golden One. . . . Jack Gilbert chain.
Coiffures by Richard of Monsieur Marc.



GYPSY!

Enveloped in myth and mystery, the Gypsy is the spellbinder of the ages--now more than ever enthralling: To roam the earth and know the secrets of the world—to be a Gypsy—to look like a Gypsy, dress like a Gypsy, to move with the splendid freedom and vitality of the Gypsy—is suddenly everybody's dream....To flash Gypsy legs, *left:* crocheted stripes of orange and purple wool with a drawstring waist...brown plush jacket over a beige shirt...cocky brown hat. Pants from Onerwo. Joan Kavanaugh jacket. Bloomingdale's. Gregory Dacron and cotton shirt; $18. At Lord & Taylor. Blades hat. To splash Gypsy colour, *right*, and flaunt Gypsy ruffles: shawl of dusky-rose chiffon and a full, gathered violet chiffon skirt, unevenly hemmed...tight little Burgundy leotard with one long sleeve, one thin strap ...ropes of coral...blood-red espadrilles. Jon Haggins skirt, shawl (both of Kabat silk chiffon), and leotard (of Enkalure nylon jersey, Stretchnit fabric), at Bonwit Teller. Mimi di N ropes. Espadrilles at Casa Moneo. These eight pages: Ara Gallant coiffures.

AVEDON



GYPSY!...FLOUNCE, FRINGE, THE WRAPPED THROAT

Black jersey tiers, *left*, flouncing and flipping as though flames were tearing at the hem—a dress like Gypsies dancing, suppie, sinuous, free as wind—and dozens of peas-in-a-pod buttons closing and unclosing the top. Michael Mott for Paraphernalia; Monsanto Blue C nylon (Maxwell fabric). Junior sizes: $100. A hodgepodge of marvellous things, *right*, worn with the unconscious elegance of a Gypsy Baron—brown plush pants and a huge fringed plush shawl thrown over a buttonless green shirt; a purple scarf wrapped at the throat. Joan Kavanaugh pants and shawl. Bloomingdale's. Adelaar shirt of Fortrel and cotton (Concord fabric); $24. Bonwit Teller. Annacat hat. Emily Wetherby scarf. D'Naz belt. Al Di La boots. Paul La Lets

AVEDON





GYPSY! & THE BARED MIDRIFF

Snuff suède pants, *left,* and a chopped-off crinkly black shirt to wear with Gypsy panache—and a midriff as taut as a whip crack. Joan Kavanaugh pants. Bloomingdale's. Adelaar Soptra cotton shirt; $14. Bonwit Teller. Necklace: Barbara Engle for Lee Nordness Galleries. Adolfo hat. Saks Fifth Avenue. Whip: Miller's Riding Shop. Boots: Henri Bendel. A flood of hair, a flash of white teeth, *right,* and a perfect midriff—the Gypsy girl in a tiny, shiny earth-red leather top and folds of mossy matte jersey. Joan Kavanaugh top. Bloomingdale's. Sarff-Zumpano skirt of Jasco rayon jersey; $120. Bonwit Teller. Chain of crosses and coral chunks: American Indian Arts Center. Espadrilles: Casa Moneo.

AVEDON





GYPSY!...MOVING! BARING BLACK

A fury of fringe, left, whipping recklessly around long, bare Gypsy legs. And a wicked little black jersey top -just a stretch of cloth across the bosom, one long tight sleeve, then nothing but bareness with a couple of strings to tie it in place....The fringed asymmetric skirt by **Michael Mott for Paraphernalia; Chardon-Marché crêpe éponge.** Junior sizes. Jon Haggins top of Enkalure nylon jersey. Stretchnit **fabric; $30, At Act III.** Necklace **designed by Barbara Engle for Lee Nordness Galleries.** Pieces of **shiny black, *right:* laced** corselet and little pouf sleeves, all on their own...and a skirt of ciré tiers flouncing around the ankles, with a shawl tied Gypsy-style, tight on the hips. Corselet and separate sleeves by Michael Mott for Paraphernalia, of Ginza (Braude Bros. fabric). In Junior sizes. Deanna Littell tiered skirt and shawl, of silk ciré (Hurel-TSM fabric). Made to order at Henri Bendel.

AVEDON

SUMMER –

A GREAT TIME FOR FASHION –
WITH SHOW-STOPPING CLOTHES
FOR A SUN-STARTING LIFE

GOOD SHOW

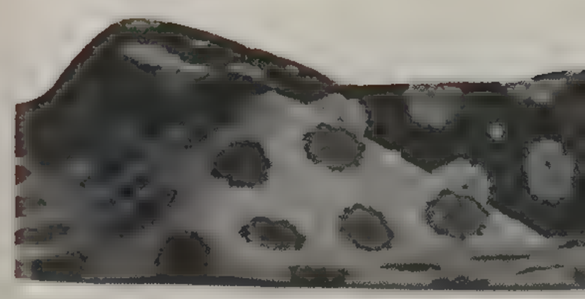


Jean Shrimpton

For the next marvellous months, the greatest ways to look —pagefuls of fashion, starting here, to collect now, wear now, wear more and more as the sun comes on. For these first four pages, the show stars Jean Shrimpton. Good show of red, left, in a sunny tomato colour—two cuts of it held together, at mid-midriff and shoulders, by gilt-edged rings. All around the pointed little top and easy skirt, a good show of sunny skin. Dress by Adele Simpson, of Fibranne (William Rose fabric); about $125. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. Earrings by Monet. Aliata sandals. Lipstick: Pennylane Pink over London-town Blush, two of Yardley's Shades of London. Red culotte, above, disguised as a shirtdress with a deep V of revers, wide belt, pleated pants-skirt. By Chester Weinberg, of Baboin cotton jersey (Lesur); about $160. At Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr. Beads by Capri. Dynasty watch. Aliata sandals. Coiffures by Suga. Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.

PENN





SUMMER — GOOD SHOW OF FLOWERS AND CHECKS



Jean Shrimpton

Foulard flowers, this page, printed two ways—a great showpiece for the Shrimpton charm. Pink flowers on navy for a long-sleeved dress that buttons to the waist, stays open below. Blue flowers on pink for shorts that show and a long wide sash that wraps up everything. By Oscar de La Renta, of Swiss cotton (Fisba fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Ankle chain by Napier. Tovar-Tresses hairpieces. Gingham back alive and kicky, opposite, in a brief little red-and-white shirtdress with bush pockets, bush cuffs, a bias tab down the front. Gilt buttons, leading us to add a gilt chain belt. By Leslie Fay, of cotton (Wm. Anderson fabric); about $33. At Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Joseph Magnin. Earrings by Monet. Belt by Saint Laurent. Both coiffures by Suga.

SUMMER — GOOD SHOWS, ALL HOURS



An enchanting jumper, upper left, of stiff white cotton, herringbone-striped in lavender. High waist, white braid, white frogs ponded at the front. Good white crêpe shirt. By Andrew Woods; shirt of Onondaga rayon crêpe; turnout, about $190. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Tights by Irene for the McCallum Boutique. Shoes by Guido Brustia (pompons added). Coiffure by Suga. Wig by Tovar-Tresses. Ruffled piqué suit, centre left, white splotched in brown—belted jacket, A skirt. By Jacques Tiffeau; Abraham cotton. At Lord & Taylor; Adrien 'n Emilie, Salt Lake City. Earrings by Pakula. Berkshire tights. Coiffure: Alan Lewis of Kenneth. Performing dress, lower left—beige linen with high slit neck, soft shape, purple linen sash. Environment: anywhere. By Jacques Tiffeau; Moygashel linen. About $160. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's. Earrings: Vendôme. Coif: Alan Lewis of Kenneth.

Norell's safari pyjamas, opposite—a marvellous show of lacquer-red silk to wear in the evening, any season. The jacket, superbly cut with pointed collar, bush pockets; belted over long straight pants. Scent for this clean-cutting: the fresh green ambiance of Norell's new perfume called, as the whole world knows by now, Norell. Costume at Martha; Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. Earrings by K.J.L. Ring by Sandor Goldberger. Strapped shoes in lacquer-red, by Evelyn Schless. Coiffure by Suga. Wig by Tovar-Tresses.

PENN









PENN

SUMMER — GOOD SHOW OF WHITE MIXED WITH BLACK, WITH GREEN

Zebra wearing daisies, this page, or so the print would seem—a smashy mix of stripes and flowers in black-and-white silk. Side-wrapped, with a V-neck, long sleeves. Dress by Murray Nieman for Hannah Troy; about $215. At Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Monet earrings. Suga coiffure. Wig: Tovar-Tresses. Protective glow for a show of skin: Germaine Monteil's Super Moist Beauty Emulsion. Race-track plaid, opposite above, in black and white for a double-breasted coat with black belt, a matching sleeveless dress inside. By Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader, of Herbert Meyer cotton; about $145. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Chas. A. Stevens; I. Magnin. Bag and belt by Phelps. Watch by Schiaparelli. Tights by Phoenix. Fresh green tunic, opposite below, pure smash with its sleeveless top, deep slits to the waist, a show of white underskirt. All one piece, and great with a gleam of chains. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, of Fibranne; about $90. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; J. W. Robinson. Saint Laurent body chains at Lord & Taylor. Elaine Starkman wristband with eyelets. Van Raalte knee socks. Mario Valentino shoes, at Henri Bendel. Coiffures on this page: Alan Lewis of Kenneth.

SUMMER — GOOD SHOW OF BLACK AND WHITE

Poster print, left, fresh bold splashes of black and white with a spiffy shape wrapped at the back—high banded waist, a wide skirt, two big low pockets. By Geoffrey Beene, of Abraham cotton; about $250. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Pakula rings. Lady Exeter dotted tights. Shenanigans shoes. The coiffure by Alan Lewis of Kenneth. Windowpane jumpsuit, right, a one-piece spectacular of black silk squared in white; shirt top, wide pants, sashed—for a snappy switch of texture—with wavy red and white piqué. By Oscar de La Renta; Bianchini silk. At Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. K.J.L. chain at waist, dangling a real seashell by Stix with jewelled attachments. Suga coiffure. Tovar-Tresses wig. Dress plus culotte, upper right, a new show of black and white—short black dress with white sleeves and touches, over separate white culottes. We wound the waist with a white tape belt, added two-tone shoes in black and white. Turnout by Nat Kaplan, of rayon and silk; about $110. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Sheffield watch. Archer-Nuweave white knee socks. Latinas shoes. Coiffure: Alan Lewis of Kenneth.

PENN





Main bocher

beauty of line, pure and enduring



The Main thing about this spring's layered looks is bringing everything serenely and beautifully into line—a line that is ever so subtly Mainbocher's and as constant as it is contemporary. Sleeveless white crêpe dinner pyjamas, *left,* pared to the purest, surest line beneath a wide-open overskirt of violet-and-white printed crêpe, clasped with a diamanté buckle. David Webb jewels. Brown-and-white piqué jacket dress, *right,* a single touch of white at the throat—the kind of look that women who are dressed by Mainbocher look forward to—season after season. Both turnouts are made to order by Mainbocher. Jewels on this page, from Tiffany. Coiffures, these four pages, by Suga, with hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

BERT STERN

Mainbocher



crêpe coatdress and pyjamas, organza Gypsy dress

The Main thing about evening now is putting marvellous pieces together marvellously—and the pieces Mainbocher assembles are precisely that. His apricot crêpe pants, *left,* are about as effortless as dinner pyjamas can be and are worn under a long white crêpe coatdress parted from the waist. Mainbocher's evening dress of vivid red-and-white organza checks, *right,* plays flounces over flounces with a soft Gypsy air—the scarf spilling down over one shoulder, the skirt down to the ground—and the jewel-spattered bodice of white chiffon is all but hidden from view. Both evening turnouts are made to order by Mainbocher. Jewels on both pages, from David Webb.

BERT STERN



Cerruti

perfecting the pants look with wit and dash



It's not just the good look of good-looking pants at Cerruti. It's the totally dashing effect of his pants plus his soft, easy, wide-brimmed hats and well-tied scarfs, a divine belt, and always the perfect proportion. Here, white and navy. The delicious, becoming look, left, of a long, wide scarf flipped at the collar of a navy-and-white striped silk shirt; clean white pants and jacket with a silk handkerchief folded in the breast pocket... and Cerruti's terrific cowboy hat of white felt with a sweep of soft, wide brim. The turnout to order at I. Magnin. The long line of pullover and pants, right—white wool knit and absolutely smashing with a navy scarf tied in a fat Windsor knot; a marvellous bull's-head-buckled belt worn low on the hipbone, black leather bull-strap on the wrist... and that great hat. Turnout to order at I. Magnin. Carita coiffures, both pages.

BEST STERN



Chanel

perfection and infinite variety

The most delectable and intoxicating clothes! The variety of Chanel's jackets and skirts is infinite, the materials exquisite and the cut inimitable. Double-breasted jacket dresses, *right,* superb in their clarity and faultless proportion: white linen with a longer jacket, low patch pockets; the other jacket very long like a tunic of shiny black, almost Chinese in feeling. Braided lamé cardigan and pants, *above left,* with the simplest cut, the most luxurious cloth—narrow bands of gallooned gold shimmer at every turn of the plain collarless jacket and at the hem of the straight pants. Lamé brocade jacket dress, *below left,* rippling out in two deep pleats from gathers set low on the hip—a wonderful long line and a wonderful way to look in the evening. Both turnouts, on this page, woven with Lurex threads. On both pages: Chanel jewellery; coiffures by Guillaume.

HENRY CLARKE



Spain



Vargas

feathered print cape and jumpsuit

Moorish in line, arabesque in design, Vargas's magnificent evening cape swirls with orange, bronze, and green silk flowers—extravagant sleeves over extravagant trousers and trailing a flutter of feathers to the ground. It's seen here in a romantically Spanish light: the fifteenth-century Museum of Lazaro Galdiano in Madrid which opens the doors of its salons on both pages. Both coiffures, by Isaac Blanco.

HENRY CLARKE



Pertegaz

feathered print dress on the bias

Swept back in a ravishing feather-winged flight, Pertegaz's transparent mist of yellow-and-orange chiffon slants from arm's length to ankle point—and from the diagonal neckline that he simply crosses in front as he does in back. Bias-cut evening dress, at I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Earrings and slippers by Pertegaz. And, hovering in the wings, a golden drift of fragrance—by Pertegaz.

THE NEW

BY MARTIN GOTTFRIED

The body has made it to Broadway. Bare-assed actors and actresses are no longer shockers in avant-garde productions but even show up—very much so—in your run-of-the-mill Broadway flop. (The shlocks know box office when they see it. Undressed.) There isn't a single *well-made* play on Broadway. Four-letter words sprinkle stage dialogue the way son of a bitch used to. The Living Theatre sold houses out with productions that had virtually no dialogue—productions that couldn't fit into the old classifications of musical, comedy, drama. Actors are streaming into the audiences and encouraging the audiences to stream right back. Playwrights are creating productions in the midst of rehearsal instead of submitting finished scripts. And a letter signed "Eleven New Dramatists" arrived at my office reading, "We fear we are drifting into the most superficial posterish kind of playwrighting—Instant Theatre. The playwright needn't do his work any more—let the newspaper do it, or the nude actress, or even the 'participating' audience itself . . . as our theatre gets increasingly non-verbal, it becomes shallower, certainly less brain-scratching and, ultimately, less emotionally affecting."

The irony is that such "changes" are negligible, as habitual, meaningless, and vain (both senses) as the kind of complaint (and the way it is expressed) of these "Eleven New Dramatists."

Something is going on all right, Mr. Jones. You couldn't miss it unless you were President. But what, exactly, is it? Is there a pattern? Is the Majestic Theatre disappearing? You mean Arthur Miller *isn't* a genius?

It is a time of change and the watchcry is "revolution." The talk is of the *new*—new politics, new morality, new music, new theatre. The past became camp—the 'thirties, the 'forties, the 'fifties—finally, the present. Even change itself. Some of us cling to the rock of reason, taking these revolutionary cries as symptoms of progress within the old order. Not sensing that "order" is suspect, that "progress" is sometimes another word for retrenchment, and that "reason" is only the name of what we always had considered intelligent.

Well, none of this is terribly original. We read about the old order's death every day, see it buried on every picketing placard, hear it damned in every art rock lyric. So what if Margaret Farrar retired as editor of *The New York Times* crossword puzzle? Won't Will Weng do?

Well, Will Weng is no Margaret Farrar. Things just aren't the same anymore. George Abbott and Betty Comden and Adolph Green can't get away with it anymore. Miller is stuffy, Will has lost contact, and Albee is an intellectual pretender. And for that matter, the innovations of Off-Off Broadway theatres, coffee house theatre, communal theatres, and your whole avant-garde, with all the well-intentioned, desperately artistic amateurism—all of this just as much a part of old times as *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*, or, for that matter, *Hair*. What had worked can no longer work. The world is hardly about to collapse, but doors—our eyes—have been opened. Everything has been revealed as existing within quotation marks. And who did it?

Andy Warhol and Marshall MacLuhan.

Is that possible? MacLuhan, a professor of English literature who can't (or won't) write a coherent, grammatical paragraph? Warhol, in leather?

Together—or simultaneously—they opened our eyes to look at things a different way. A way that, not knowing it, we had learned already.

The medium is the message.

A can of Campbell's soup.

I would like to be a machine.

The surface is everything.

Pop Art led us back to the top. There, everything is what it seems. There, the fact is its own comment. What more could James Reston have said about Lyndon Johnson than what Lyndon Johnson said about himself? And, in turn, what more could Reston have said about *Reston*? *Forty Carats* is canned theatre for canned audiences. Need *I* say that? *Forty Carats* says it. Who must notice that Lincoln Center is really an architect's rendering? White cardboard buildings with little men in fedoras and little ladies with flower hats walking along lanes edged with little paper trees. Why, there it is—the rendering itself!

The plays of Harold Pinter are geometric planes. They are set in places that could well be the primary structures of modern sculpture. They are constructed that way. What people find spooky about them is their strange steel environment. It is foolish to ask for meanings in such plays because Pinter has dismissed the idea of meanings (in *Tea Party* a child of post-adult maturity asks, "What does 'mean' mean?"). Words are but arbitrary symbols for intangible ideas.

In Pinter's plays, the words are fixed, the people are fixed, the continuum is fixed. In *The Homecoming*, a man subjects his daughter-in-law to a torrent of abuse. She gazes at him. There is no stage direction to suggest her reaction. Pinter says she *has* a reaction. You go back to see the play again. No reaction, and still Pinter insists. In fact, she *does* have a reac-

THEATRE IS HERE... *isn't it?*

"You don't ask a hamburger what it means"

tion, only you haven't been looking the right way. The reaction is her gaze, coupled with what you think she is thinking. Complicated? No. Just a big change from the spelled-out-for-you serials that have passed for drama ever since Henrik Ibsen decided that life was about social diseases.

Recently, a production of *The Homecoming* was given by the Watford Repertory Company near London. Pinter himself played Lenny (the bitter middle son). Terence Rigby, who played the younger brother—the prize fighter—in this production as well as those in London and New York, compared Pinter's performance with that of Ian Holm (who played it originally), saying, "Holm was intellectual. He played the part with his head. But Harold is cold. He's *tough*. And *that's* his Lenny.

The *plays* of Pinter are tough. They abandon interpretation as so much fake talk. They insist on the straight line, the clean space, the precise word, a (c)leanness of space, people, events, talk. The fact is all that matters. Not the fact you'd like with accessory answers, explanations, and dénouements. Facts aren't that way—*life* isn't that way. If you want to see, look to the surface. That's what's there.

The surface is a frightening place. It is a place of no sentiment, no easy feelings, no trim, no justification. Where everything is fundamental. Samuel Beckett's *Come and Go* (called "a dramaticule") is a play of 121 spoken words. Its three characters are women whose hats are pulled down to cover their feelings and thoughts. The play's strength is in the unspoken. Each character leaves and returns. While one is gone, the others discuss her:

RU: How do you find Flo?

VI: She seems much the same (RU *moves to centre seat, whispers in* VI*'s ear. Appalled*). Oh! (*They look at each other.* RU *puts her finger to her lips.*) Has she not been told?

RU: God forbid.

This sequence is repeated for each of the ladies while they play musical chairs. The series of anti-informations is the play's substance much as it is life's. What is it we haven't been told. (Nothing.) At the play's end the women entwine their arms, join hands, and one says, "I can feel the rings." That is *all* she can feel of the other two. Not the hands. Not the person. The *rings*. Rings that mean nothing. Rings of the material.

Beckett is getting at what Pinter is getting at, which is no surprise since Pinter has admitted the influence. Pinter's plays, though, more verbal than Beckett's, have always been severe and are becoming more so as he settles—like an iceberg—into his sense of himself. Like Beckett, he emphasizes uncertainty by limiting himself to only the certain and showing how it is not enough and yet all we have to go on. All there is.

Now you aren't going to catch those Eleven New Dramatists complaining about Beckett and Pinter, who certainly are writers. There's no mistaking Beckett's poetry: "Astride of a grave and a difficult birth. Down in / the hole, lingeringly, the grave-digger puts on the / forceps. We have time to grow old. The air is full / of our cries. But habit is a great deadener. At me too / someone is looking, of me too someone is saying, / He is sleeping, he knows nothing, let him sleep / on." (*Waiting for Godot.*)

That's more human than Pinter, but what do we mean by "human?" Too often we mean "sentimental" and Pinter despises sentimentality, is even frightened by its threatening temptation (remember Goldberg in *The Birthday Party?*). His language is stripped, and the rhythms—like words and punctuations and sentences—are kept to geometrics. So that even when a thought is soft, it is clean: "All it is, you see . . . I said . . . is the lightness of your touch, the lightness of your look, my neck, your eyes, the silence, that is my meaning, the loveliness of my flowers, my hands touching my flowers, that is my meaning." (*Landscape.*) Here is Pinter at his most self-revealing.

It may seem a long leap from this to the movie *2001* and still further to the Off-Off Broadway Playhouse of the Ridiculous, but they all have something very important in common, something the Eleven New Dramatists fail to grasp: a refreshed sense of life, a new dimension for looking at things. In their letter, those playwrights cited *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* and *Hadrian VII* as plays of "thought-verbal superiority." Actually, they are plays merely of a familiar type, as much a part of literary ritual as a phrase such as "thought-verbal superiority." And, ironically, they are as unoriginal as their styles. Peter Luke took most of *Hadrian* verbatim from the Frederick Rolfe novel. *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* is neatly divided between the situation of *Hamlet* and the language-attitude of (well, what do you know?) *Waiting for Godot.* Though *Hadrian* is affecting and *Rosencrantz* stimulating, it would be foolish to insist that literary drama—and this very specific kind of literary drama—will always be high theatre and vice versa. The idea of literariness has changed, as Beckett and Pinter demonstrate, and so has the idea of truth.

Indeed, words themselves, like Campbell's soup cans, have become self-reflective, the meanings habitual, the tones ritualistic, the combinations formulized thought. Do we ever notice that the conversations we have, the speeches we make, are identical—with each other's, with (Continued on page 133)

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The explicit miracle of Apollo 9. . . . The rush in Washington to get matters going and then the long, cold wait. . . . The eclipse of "groovy" which now sounds very Lawrence Welk. . . . In London, Nicol Williamson playing Hamlet, goitre-eyed and stupendous, a prince with a commoner's accent, giving his audiences "the first post-war Hamlet to escape the shadow of Gielgud."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* by Carlos Baker who has written an intensely moving, factual book about Hemingway, especially his last few months when he was frail, wan, and incurably despairing and who early one morning, wearing his red Emperor's robe, took out a double-barrelled Boss shotgun with a tight choke, "pressed the twin barrels against his forehead just above the eyebrows, and tripped both triggers." . . . Jay Presson Allen, a fiery Texan ball of happiness who has two hits right now, the comedy *Forty Carats* and the movie *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* taken from her play which was taken from Muriel Spark's book—the result of her success and her name is that she is frequently taken, she often says, "for an English homosexual."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The WABC television programme, *The Generation Gap*, in which the young ones know more than the old ones—the younger generation recognized Ginger Rogers but the older panelists never heard of unisex clothes. . . . "Animus," the new short Arpino ballet for the City Center Joffrey Ballet with its spectacular music by Jacob Druckman for trombone and electronic tape and its glimmering set by Ming Cho Lee who used a foil reflector backdrop to build a shifting caul of light around five dancers. . . . The enormous book *Modern American Sculpture* by Dore Ashton who here seems to be the Dr. Norman Vincent Peale of art critics, vague and inspirational.

MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH, *right*, powerful, passionate, Russian, at forty-two the world's greatest cellist who stands, wrote one critic, "in a position of almost lonely grandeur in the supremacy with which he makes music." A bravura virtuoso, now on his seventh tour of the United States, Rostropovich pulls audience and orchestra into exhilarating dives of musical immersion, his bow sweetly, darkly singing over the strings of his Stradivarius. Glinted with humour, every performance is a tour de force from which he emerges unchallenged, triumphant, kissing the conductor—if he is Russian—on the lips.

"Love is the most important ingredient, love for the instrument, love for the music, love for the audience," said Rostropovich, spectacled, as enigmatic as a Magritte figure until he laughs. After concerts —in New York, San Francisco, Pittsburgh—his dressing room is stormed by admirers, all received with bear hugs and roars of Russian by Rostropovich coolly drinking orange juice from a wax container.

Between concerts in Chicago and Buffalo, Rostropovich flew to Moscow for two days to work with his students at the Moscow Conservatory (he also teaches at the Leningrad Conservatory), to conduct a Bolshoi Opera performance of *Eugene Onegin*, in which his wife, the beautiful dark-haired soprano Galina Vishnevskaya sang the rôle of Olga. "Our older daughter is named Olga. She is twelve and plays the cello like papa. . . . Yelena is ten and plays the piano. She is much cleverer than her papa." A great pianist, Rostropovich accompanies his wife in New York next month in a new Shostakovich song cycle.

Now master of the entire literature for cello, Rostropovich, who has concerti dedicated to him by Shostakovich, Miaskovsky, and Prokofiev, every season introduces into the cello repertory new compositions—by Lukas Foss, Walter Piston, Benjamin Britten. After this American tour, Mstislav Rostropovich will take his wife and daughters on a non-concert tour of Yugoslavia in their Land Rover. "I got it in England. For the baptism, Benjamin Britten composed a three-bar sonata scored for soprano, sung by my wife, for tenor, sung by Peter Pearce, and for me playing the Klaxon, which goes moo like a cow. Britten christened her Buttercup. . . . I laugh driving Buttercup."



AVEDON



1

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

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5

1. JUDY COLLINS, a country and mountain girl with columbine-blue eyes and a gold-shot voice whose new albums, *Wildflowers* and *Who Knows Where the Time Goes,* zoomed the disc charts. A pop and art singer, guitarist, pianist, and composer, she sings her own magic, sets such poets as Yeats to song, and has an eclectic, canny flair for the cream of her contemporaries, handling such love poems as Leonard Cohen's *Suzanne,* Joni Mitchell's *Both Sides Now,* and Jacques Brel's *La Colombe* like Belleek—frangible, translucent, pure. With her pale mediaeval look and cascading hair, Judy Collins, in the twelfth century might have been a *trouvère,* finder singer; in the twentieth, she has, as an American singer, painted the sixties with her musical imagery.

2. THE BLACK BELT, a dazzling new ballet, choreographed by Talley Beatty for the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater with, in this photograph, Dudley Williams, bare-torsoed, a dancer with fierce withdrawn fire; Kelvin Rotardier, daring, a perfectionist in his duet with Judith Jamison, right, as tall as a Masai princess, a dancer of blazing intensity hurtling through the air like a spear in space. An integrated troupe of tigerish precision—three of its thirteen members are white—this brilliant company, first formed ten years ago by the great dancer and choreographer Alvin Ailey, has, until its Broadway success this season, been better known abroad. Now, permanently installed at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the group will perform there, from April 22 through April 26, nine works, including Ailey's "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," scored by Samuel Barber. "I want to make dancers as well as dances," said Alvin Ailey who plots classic technique, jazz, rock, and the freedom of modern dance to live music, tapes, sound-tracks of shrieking ghetto violence and the religious fervour of Brother John's spirituals. "I want to help show my people how beautiful they are," said Alvin Ailey. "There are a hundred ballets I want to do."

3. THE LOST FILM, a fascinating exhibition of still photographs from untraceable films of the nineteen-twenties now at The Museum of Modern Art in New York. This photograph of Lon Chaney, sabre-toothed and menacing in a stovepipe hat—from a 1927 film, *London After Dark*—is one of a hundred-and-thirty photographs of great stars—the Barrymores, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Garbo—filmed by notable directors in past movies that have cracked, bubbled, and eaten themselves to powder. This show, underlining the need for film preservation, has, so far, turned up one carrot: *The Devil's Circus*—spurred to action by the Museum's 1926 still of Norma Shearer being mugged from behind, Henri Langlois flipped into the archives of the Cinémathèque Français and found a print of *that* lost film in Paris.

4. MARLÈNE JOBERT, ginger-haired and freckle-faced, a young delectable French actress whose four films have, like staging rockets, shot her to the top in France. As the skinny impudent chip in *Very Happy Alexander,* she pinches scenes from those standard unpinchables: a cheeky mongrel full of tricks, a fat funny-man, and vistas of Gallic countryside so bursting ripe that audiences (in Boston, Washington, and New York) want to dive into the Vistavision. In her most recent film, *L'Astragale,* opening in New York this fall, Marlène Jobert shines, playing the rôle of a prison breakaway, raging to live, to love, her eyes glinting amethyst with laughter, violet with tears, her frail body shown more often nude than not. Born in Algeria where her father was a French army officer, Marlène Jobert first toured in the play *A Thousand Clowns* with the Yves Montands. Now twenty-four, she films during the day, stage acts at night, starring in *Black Comedy* this season in Paris, in *There's a Girl in My Soup,* next. About to shoot a new film, *Le Passager de la Pluie,* she adds René Clement to her famous directors: Jean-Luc Godard, Louis Malle, Yves Robert. "But my dream," said Marlène Jobert, "is to work with Truffaut."

5. LEON JAMES AND AL MINNS, swingers with crazy legs and total dance recall who dig the past—Charleston, Shimmy, Lindy, and Boogie-Woogie—in their program Jazz Dance. After cheers at Town Hall, this month they perform at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art as part of the show "Harlem on My Mind." Dancing to nostalgic records of Benny Goodman, Dizzy Gillespie, the Duke, and Count Basie, the team, clattering, pattering, pulls people back to the old Savoy Ballroom where, in the 'thirties, Minns and James stomped as "kings." In the 'fifties, they joined the jazz historian Marshall Stearns, creating their satirical, percussive, concert vernacular of twenty-one definitive American steps. Offstage, Al Minns, chunky and buoyant, works in a Long Island factory; Leon James, linear and amused, with New York's Neighborhood Youth Corps. Onstage, fingersnapping, trucking, pecking, Minns and James lay down the leather.

6

6. POMANDER in gold, enamel, and gems, this elaborate early seventeenth-century "object of lustrous pomp and faultless entirety," with its six segments for scent—cinnamon, musk, cloves, myrrh, ambergris, benzoin, and gillyflowers—inscribed in French, is part of the extraordinary Melvin Gutman collection of excavated gold and Renaissance jewellery to be sold at Parke-Bernet in New York. Rare and fantastic, more important in craft than in carats, over two hundred mediaeval and Renaissance jewels go on exhibition on April 18, on sale, April 24, including such rarities as a *navette* pendant, thought to be Italian, in full gold-and-enamel rig with two jewelled passengers on deck; a romantic Scottish necklace from the time of Mary Queen of Scots; a startling baroque-pearl-breasted "Pelican-in-its-Piety," unique as a religious votive, as a smashing jewel, as a whistle that blows.

2. JACK MITCHELL
5. LOUIS DRAPER



GREAT KATE

"a rock-hard romantic...her spirit, her spunkiness, her care send you reeling"

BY KATHLEEN TYNAN

Dive in, Sarah, join the club," called Katharine Hepburn, bobbing confidently in an ice-cold Mediterranean sea. From the yacht's ladder a nine-year-old girl clung in terror as though half hypnotized by this challenge. We in our thick sweaters and cloaks huddled on an upper deck, while the clouds lowered over Cap Ferrat and the sea churned below. Ten minutes went by, the child shivered, and then she went in. "Sarah," said Miss Hepburn, "you have character."

Both of them climbed out: Sarah in triumph, foursquare and tubby; Hepburn, well-made and stunningly trim, in a leopard-print swimsuit. The rest of us returned, chastened, to making knots, and to our host's champagne.

For Sarah and for me and for a lot of other people, Katharine Hepburn is a heroine. Not an eccentric lady who wears baggy trousers, not just an actress or a "movie queen" (which she claims she always wanted to be). Not a suffragette, not a head girl, or a spinster, certainly none of these. But a rock-hard romantic. Her father once told her to go and make her life interesting, advice which she seems to have followed with true American zeal. At fifty-nine, her optimism and her delight in things are intact. She is the exception to Scott Fitzgerald's dire view that "the faces of most American women over thirty are relief maps of petulant and bewildered unhappiness." She can actually sell you progress and self-betterment without your wanting to puke. Indeed, her spirit and her spunkiness and her care send you reeling out of her presence convinced you now know how to Change Your Life.

Ingredients she brings to this assault are candour ("I didn't get the Oscars for talent, you know, but for years of good behaviour"). A candour sometimes cruel, since she senses fraud and lets you know about it. And charm: She will bombard you in a voice like a buzz saw with her views on physical fitness, tell you what it did for the Greeks, then add with a ravishing smile, "I have to feel better than anybody else, you see, even if I don't." She'll say, "How nice to have met you," to some unwelcome intruder, and then out of earshot shoot from the corner of her mouth, "Dead Ass!"

Her friends assure you that, though she sometimes sounds in public these days like Savonarola, her bouts of moralizing shouldn't be taken too seriously. She recently asked Peter O'Toole to read a terribly mealy-mouthed press report of her views on sex. "New England Puritan bitch," he said, "you've taken leave of your senses."

To which she replied: "I haven't taken leave of my senses, but that young man who came to interview me was sexually depleted."

She likes to argue and will lead a conversation with her chin, knowing full well that if someone will punch it, she can settle down to a full fifteen rounds. She also likes adventure and will climb over anybody's garden wall to see what's on the other side. But if you should deduce from this that Katharine Hepburn is unfeminine, you would be wrong.

In 1932 she went to Hollywood and there won them with her beautiful bony face, her dominating East Coast accent, and her bold walk. She was herself, and they made her a star. Since then she has been described as the greatest film actress of the sound era. Her ability to suggest highly charged emotions and her gift of tears are very nearly incomparable.

In 1967, Katharine Hepburn made *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, her ninth film with (Continued on next page)

KATHARINE HEPBURN, SUPERSTAR AT WORK

In the South of France on the set of the film of Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, Katharine Hepburn was photographed in uniform—her uniform: shirt jacket, loose pants, sneakers, and the inevitable cap, as often as not battened down with a white scarf. Planning to direct her first film, gearing up for a Broadway musical, *Coco*, and with *The Madwoman of Chaillot* ripe for release, Katharine Hepburn works as she always has, unshaken by becoming, when she was nominated for another Academy Award for her performance in *The Lion in Winter*, one of the most honoured actresses in the history of films. At work her concentration is total, her presence pervasive: "When she is on the set, other stars walk on the balls of their feet like people in church."

SNOWDON

GREAT KATE

Spencer Tracy, which won her an Oscar. She has other film arrangements and will sing on stage in the Alan Jay Lerner musical *Coco*. She recently told her friends Don and Ella Stewart, "You won't believe it, but I've become a star. I'm booked up till 1974."

Donald Ogden Stewart, who wrote the screenplays of *The Philadelphia Story*, *Without Love*, and *Keeper of the Flame*, is a meanly funny man and a delightful friend who now lives in London with his wife, Ella.

"I think Katie is a natural," said Don when I lunched with them. "But it's her guts, her character—that's the main thing."

"It's her Puritan background," Ella interrupted. "She can't bear your coat just to lie around. She'll sweep it off to the bedroom at once."

"In 1928, we were all in that New York society play called *Holiday*," Don went on. "Katharine had just graduated from Bryn Mawr and was understudying Hope Williams in the lead. We took an instant dislike to her, because she was so fresh and perky: She knew she was good. And we devoted our time to making sure she never got on. We kept her out until we went on the road. Then one night she went on and was marvellous. That was the beginning of my love for her. I next saw her in an elevator: She'd just been dropped from a play and she was so bloody brave, that little girl, not crying."

You know," Ella interrupted, "when Don was working on *Keeper of the Flame* in 1942, Katie and Spencer Tracy went to the front office and complained. Don was bending the script to anti-fascism, and they felt as actors that something was being done to their parts.

"But Don was very hurt she hadn't come to him. Then I got a telephone call: 'Is this Ella? I hear Don *loathes* me.' 'Well,' I said, 'he was a little upset.' 'I knew it, I knew it,' said Katie. 'We must have it out.' She came over and had it out, and our friendship started from there.

"She doesn't think of herself as an intellectual, which may have been Tracy's influence—he hated them.

"Katie loved Tracy long before she met him, for his voice and as a great actor. She looked after him when he was ill, and she just went in there and took it and stuck with him.

"In Hollywood, we used to go to Katie's for supper on Sunday night. There were usually just the four of us, though sometimes Katie's old dresser would join us with Murph, her stand-in, and Katharine would cook the supper.

"I remember in London she and Tracy stayed in separate hotels. She went to see him every day at Claridge's. The first time she was turned away because she wore slacks, so she used the back entrance. When the manager discovered who she was, he apologized. But she used the dustbin entrance for six weeks.

"When we thought of buying this house, it was in a fearful state. Katie came every day with a picnic from the Connaught, cut the grass, dug, and weeded. She loves antiques, old houses, and gardens. She once brought me a thistle in the hospital. She'd been picnicking in Regent's Park and thought it would make a good bouquet.

"She's very loyal to her friends and to her family. But she's very private. Within the limits of being bohemian, she does the right things.

"She's an upper-class person. She's always absolutely sure who she is," said Ella, and Don added:

"St. Peter wouldn't dare argue with her at the gates of Heaven."

Thus intrigued and diverted, I went down to Nice where Katharine Hepburn was making *The Madwoman of Chaillot*. When she is on the set, other stars walk on the balls of their feet like people in church. She knows her lines, she's there before anybody else, and her concentration is catching. Pressed into a corner of a suffocating studio, I heard first her zealous, larger-than-life voice: "Son of a bitch," said Hepburn, failing to shape a line right first time. Then in the break she was striding around the studio, appropriating space and handing out chocolates to the technicians. Her passion for chocolates is truly amazing. She eats several boxes a day and has been known to alternate them with mouthfuls of steak.

Bryan Forbes, her director, was bowled over by her. "We asked her to dinner. She said it would be impossible since she was in bed by eight-thirty. Then she thought she had better get to know us and she came. She left at two in the morning. You know she insists on lying down flat to eat! People don't go to her villa, but she goes to theirs: She went over the wall into Prince Rainier's palace, since she can't resist gardens, and shocked her French chauffeur out of his mind."

During a break in the shooting I went to talk to her. She was wearing her uniform: loose-cut slacks, a brown cotton shirt, and a diamond-shaped nappie on her wiry hair. She still had on false eyelashes and the makeup she wears to cover her sun-blotched skin. She is a knock-you-down-with-a-feather beauty.

"Don Stewart's being kicked out of Hollywood for his politics, that was rotten. Any kind of censorship is bad, don't you think? Get rid of it."

I asked her if she remembered Don in the elevator, years before.

"Yes, of course, I had been kicked out of *Death Takes a Holiday*. I was supposed to be a beautiful young girl, and one notice said I was charming, though another said I had a face like a skull. Somebody came to me from the management and said, 'You're retired.' 'You mean I'm fired,' I said. I was also bounced from Philip Barry's play *The Animal Kingdom*. I was taller than Leslie Howard, so I suspected that would be the end of me. But Phil said, 'The trouble is, you're just not good enough.' "

We started to talk about a play I had liked, and Katharine Hepburn quite abruptly exploded. "A lot of twaddle, all this self-examination. It's a bore." (She pronounced this "bōa" and sometimes varied with "asinine bōa.") "It's the one apple in the sack that can make the others rotten." She then proceeded to a defence of "character" which (Continued on page 135)

KATE, THE RADIANT MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT

SNOWDON



Evening pyjamas

the new

Heavenly way to dress for small dinners, parties, dancing in moonlight—transparent-legged pyjamas that veil the body in colour, reveal the outline of pretty arms and of long supple legs. A shower of pink sequins on lace, left: layers of shimmering paleness all held together at the waist—a sheer organza shirt, sleeveless belted tunic, and straight pants showing a long, long line of leg. Arbé, designed by Dorothy Arden. Shirt, of silk and rayon; tunic and pants of pailletted lace. About $145. At Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres. Charles Elkaim earrings. Coiffure by Suga, with Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces. A bash of giant pink roses, below, on transparent white organza with opaque satin stripes in-between—a long wrapped and belted tunic over sheer straight legs. By Mollie Parnis. Orceyre silk. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Richard Palan flowers. . . . Eyes dressed in transparency: sheer Turquoise on the lids, Pearl shimmering on the bone—both Moon Drops Luminesque liquid shadows. . . . And a veil of Moon Drops Demi-Lipstick on the mouth in a pinked-up beige called Sand Pebble. All by Revlon.



transparency for legs

PENN

The new pyjama transparency Where all the flowers are, left: a riot of starchy wildflowers on an enchanting transparent jumpsuit of crisp white tulle with full sleeves, wide wide pants, and binding of yellow ribbons. By Donald Brooks, of appliquéd Whelan lace. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Amelia Gray. Charles Elkaim earrings. Sandals by Mademoiselle: to order, Lord & Taylor. Alan Lewis of Kenneth coiffure. Gilt-edge pyjamas, right, and a gilt-fringed sash—a long dressing-gown tunic that simply wraps and ties over pants. All very very easy and beautiful to wear in clear, vivid pink silk organza, doubled on the leg. By Harold Levine. About $250. At Elizabeth Arden; Sanger-Harris; Bullock's-Wilshire. Richard Palan earrings. Sandals: to order at I. Miller.





The new pyjama transparency

Bare, transparent, and dazzling, left: luxurious shoot-green chiffon embroidered with chalk-white beads and brilliants—tiny bolero top, bared midriff, then chiffon billowing from a sparkling waistband—so wide you can't tell they're pants till you move. Elinor Simmons for Malcolm Starr, of Stern & Stern chiffon. At Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Joseph Magnin. Sandals: to order at I. Miller. Coiffure by Alan Lewis of Kenneth.

Tiers of ruffled cotton lace, rick-rack, and pink satin ribbon, above right: an enchanting little Bo-Peep of a dress pouffed over lamb-chop-pantie pants. Anne Fogarty. About $200. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Frost Bros. Julianelli shoes. Alan Lewis of Kenneth coiffure.

The longer line to follow now, centre right, in the freshest see-through white cotton eyelet—a shirt-tunic tailored up sharp and belted over straight pants. Gino Charles, of Schiffli-embroidered cotton (Samuel Ehrman fabric). About $125. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Famous-Barr. Charles Elkaim earrings. K.J.L. belt. Delman shoes. Coiffure by Suga, with Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces.

Jump right in, below right—this look's delectable: transparent white organdie shirt-top, opened forever above a high wide waistband, and legs crisscrossed with crunchy lace embroidery. Jumpsuit by Eric Lund for Lisa Meril, of acetate and nylon lace. About $250. At Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; Esther Wolf. Pearly necklace by Richelieu. Coiffures by Alan Lewis of Kenneth.



PENN



PENN

The new pyjama transparency

Practically the simplest jumpsuit ever, left—nothing more than a little shirt extended into pants. Except: it's made of the most scrumptious white lace thick with scrunchy flowers, scalloped at the edges, and held with a diamanté serpent. By Pat Sandler, of rayon and acetate. Belt added. About $160. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces.

Delicious new slant on black lace, above left: row on row of ruched black lace worked on the diagonal—a long sleeveless tunic slashed away at the shoulder, banded at the neck, and belted over black-veiled legs. Christian Dior-New York, of acetate and nylon. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Bernardo sandals.

Tiers and tiers and tiers of black silk organza flouncing down the leg, right, and a simple open-neck shirt-top with tiny buttons, a jewelled rope at the waist. Jumpsuit by Kasper for Joan Leslie. About $225. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin.

Earrings on both pages by Charles Elkaim. Belts by K. J. L., at Saks Fifth Avenue. Both pages: Suga coiffures. Tovar-Tresses hairpieces here and above.



NEW WAYS TO WEAR BLACK

Black: the colour every woman adores—feels wonderful in, comfortable in....Black: sensational with a suntan. Sensational with fair skin and marvellously made-up eyes....Divine on a girl like Mimi Paul, with skin like camellias and the long, pure line of neck and spine that could only belong to a ballerina. A principal dancer with the American Ballet Theatre, she has, said Richard Avedon who photographed her here, "style, power, amusement. She is a great American beauty." New way to bare black, left: sinuous grace of continuous line—throat and spine bared to the small of a beautiful back by a sleeveless, wide-legged jumpsuit of black wool jersey. I. A. Wyner fabric. $34. In junior sizes. By Michael Mott for Paraphernalia. Fake pearl for one ear by Richelieu. Charles Jourdan shoes. New way to lace black, right: thin golden chain holding the widest, barest plunge to the waist—a little dress otherwise covered and clingy, with a hood thrown back over the shoulders. Scott Barrie dress; Encron jersey by Stretchnit. $60. At Bonwit Teller. Chain by Napier. Mimi Paul's coiffures, by Ara Gallant.

MIMI PAUL

AVEDON



BLACK



Roped waist and rings, left: little dress of crisp black Fibrenne with the widest waistband ringed with silvery grommets and threaded with a tasselled rope; dirndl'd skirt sprinkled all over with more grommets. By Oscar de La Renta; Welter fabric. About $225. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Richelieu ear jewel. Pakula rings. Bare here and there, right: a one-piece dress with the look of two, in delicious doubled black voile—faux weskit closed with sparklers and cut away to bare a high triangle of midriff above a high bounce of skirt. By Rodrigues for Milbo, of Stoffel-Galey & Lord cotton voile. About $110. Available the end of April at Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; D. H. Holmes. Swarovski jewel in ear. Coiffures, here and the next two pages: Ara Gallant; Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces.

NEW WAYS TO
WEAR IT
AND BARE IT

BLACK ALL

THE WAYS



Black is bare, right, all around the midriff to let the sun shine in—shoulder-buttoned top cut way away over a dirndl with low, low patch pockets, in crisp black Moygashel linen. By Marie McCarthy and Larry Aldrich. About $125. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Burdine's; Joseph Magnin. Black is belted, far left, above: a smidge of polo shirtdress with a crunchy look, a soft touch—waist snugged in here with a wide black belt above hip patch pockets. By Richard Frontman; Wahnetah rayon. $55. At De Pinna. Black belt by Phelps. Black is brass-buttoned, near left, above, clear down to the hem of a little jersey dress cut like a thin-man's shirt. By Ginori, of Enkalure nylon (National Looms fabric). $16. At Altman's. The espadrilles by Degas, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Black is shirt-slashed, far left, below, at the hem of a long-sleeved knit dress, zipped in back. By Wilroy, of Fortrel. $32. At Bloomingdale's. The espadrilles by Degas, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Black is cut away, near left, below: terrific, this crisp linen dress, the faux bolero snipped away to practically nothing, opening V's of bareness above a short, sashed skirt. By Christian Dior-New York. $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue. All jewellery by Richelieu, Sandor Goldberger, Pakula.

what makes A DIET

Everybody knows the rules: cut down on this, eliminate that, eat half of every serving, turn away chocolate mousse. And who doesn't. Right? . . . In the mind's eye of many medical men, that's it. Others differ—and their opinions follow here, along with some hard and fast rules from the conservatives. . . . Some doctors give serious consideration to probabilities that what works for one person won't work for another, that you may from time to time *have* to eat out, have to entertain the divinely thin and hungry, to be entertained by hosts who feel the meshing of diplomacy is perhaps encouraged by the hospitality of a moderate *boisson.*

Three research men and two practising physicians outlined their views for Vogue: Dr. Neil Solomon, Dr. Robert Atkins, Dr. Jerome Klein, Dr. Stanley Schachter, Dr. Jean Mayer. This is the story —with disparities.

NEIL SOLOMON, M.D., Ph.D.

Currently on leave as Associate Professor of Physiology, and Assistant Professor of Medicine, University of Maryland School of Medicine and from the Department of Medicine of the Osler Medical Service of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine; presently advisor to Governor Marvin Mandel on Health and Scientific Affairs.

For the past eight years, since his residency at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Dr. Solomon has been investigating the possibility of physiological causes of overweight. His findings offer much hope to the chronically overweight —particularly those who diet, lose, and then gain it all back. Dr. Solomon refers to this up-and-down pattern as the Yo-Yo Syndrome.

Following a study of obese patients who were put on a fasting regimen of no calories under strict hospital supervision, Dr. Solomon and his associates began a study of Yo-Yo Syndrome patients on an out-patient basis with a control group of normal-weight patients.

Dr. Solomon emphasizes that the zero-calorie regimen was used solely as a research tool to gain valuable information and was conducted under the strictest supervision in a hospital environment. He says, "A zero-calorie diet should definitely *not* be used as a therapeutic means for weight reduction for several reasons, but mainly because the patient who is maintained on a starvation diet obviously does not learn the good food habits necessary to maintain his ideal weight. The patient who has lost on a zero-calorie diet only regains the weight lost upon his return to eating."

Dr. Solomon studied 100 persons with retractable obesity and each of these patients was matched with a control partner of the same age and sex but of normal weight. Eighty-two of the obese and fifty-nine of the normals remained in the study for the full year period.

The results of the study clearly show that there were aberrations of metabolism among the overweight. For example, carbohydrate metabolism tests showed thirty-seven per cent of the obese were not metabolizing glucose properly while only two per cent of the normals showed such an abnormality. Twenty-eight per cent had difficulty with protein metabolism against two per cent among normals. The difference in fat metabolism was dramatic—seventy-three per cent abnormal among the overweight with only fourteen per cent among the normals. However, hypothyroidism—defined as an underactive thyroid—which has been as Dr. Solomon says, the "whipping boy of obesity" was found to be relatively rare although low basal metabolic rate was considerably lower than that for normals. Only nine per cent showed hypothyroidism against two per cent in normals. Eighteen per cent of the overweight showed abnormal basal metabolism against two per cent for the normals. Food intolerance on the other hand was found among ninety-six per cent of the overweight as against thirty-one per cent of the normal control subjects.

Since beginning his research Dr. Solomon has studied more than 1,000 patients and in each study the results have substantiated his initial findings.

Conclusion: Dr. Solomon believes that not *all* but many overweight people are metabolically abnormal. He believes that this may be a *result* rather than a *cause* of overweight and that once the deficiency is corrected, diet makes it possible to lose and stabilize weight.

During his study of the 100 obese and normal patients he was able to reduce the overweight by giving them a well-balanced diet, tailor-made to their individual problems, and the proper medication to correct whatever physiological imbalance was indicated. Only medication which was specific for a definite deficiency was used. *No* appetite depressants were used. Although certain foods were definitely on the OFF LIST—nuts, alcohol, pastries, and, in some cases, all foods high in cholesterol —the diet was arranged so that there were a number of foods, such as low-calorie vegetables, which could be eaten at will, thus saving the patient from feeling "starved."

Dr. Solomon realistically takes the point of view that patients can not and do not live in a vacuum even when they are dieting, and he feels it is psychologically wrong to "punish" the overweight person by restricting his normal daily life because of dieting. Therefore he worked out a plan so that dieters could eat in restaurants without embarrassment. His solution to this eternal problem of the diet-conscious was to give each patient a list of low-calorie foods which could be ordered, and to allow more freedom of choice he suggested that the patient confine his breakfast and lunch to "free" foods, leaving more leeway for the dinner out.

In addition, the researchers encouraged patients to use imagination and creativity in food preparation; they were, in fact, given some "gourmet" recipes to relieve the monotony. Results were encouraging: seventy-six of the 100 original overweights lost in excess of twenty per cent of their original weight and—here's the clincher—after two years sixty-one of the seventy-six maintained their weight loss.

There are many hope-giving facets of the Solomon research which may be the solution to why people, once they have gained excessive weight, simply can not take it off and keep it off. Dr. Solomon believes that most of us probably start life as "normals" but that for one reason or another—perhaps the mother who creates guilt feelings in the child who leaves food on his plate—"think of all the starving children in Biafra" (in my day it was Europe) —some change to abnormals. The result of this

work for YOU

FIVE FAMOUS AUTHORITIES DISCUSS THE BRAINWORK...THE SPECIAL TESTING...NEW IDEAS ABOUT HUNGER

By Sally Sheppard

is the habit of eating more than you really want and certainly more than you need. Eventually your signals get fouled up and you consistently eat more than you need—bingo you're fat—and suddenly you can't take it off.

Some of the patients in the Baltimore research program have presented problems extremely difficult to solve. One woman had been overweight all her life; when she was tested for thyroid function by the usual procedures she appeared to be normal. Further, more complex testing finally revealed that her thyroid was not producing one component which is necessary to burn food. This woman could have dieted till kingdom come and never had any luck. By supplying the woman with the necessary thyroid component plus a diet she was finally able to lose weight.

Most patients in the research programs do not present such difficult problems, and Dr. Solomon believes that in many instances it is not necessary to prescribe medication for metabolic disturbances. He is of the opinion that once weight is reduced the body itself will regain its proper balance.

Dr. Solomon is absolutely against the fad diet—well balanced low-calorie is the phrase he repeats and repeats. He also believes that one doesn't need to be hungry to diet as long as one keeps to a nutritionally sound regimen. Sure you can eat 1,000 calories of candy bars a day and possibly lose weight, but your body isn't going to like it and you can easily find yourself with mounting doctor and hospital bills. The body is composed of many things, including minerals, proteins, fats, carbohydrates, salt, water, et cetera, and it is reasonable to assume that if you deprive your body of its necessary components it is going to suffer.

So Dr. Solomon suggests that the person with the Yo-Yo Syndrome—and this means the person who really sticks to a diet and then no matter how careful he is begins to gain weight once the dieting stops—should find a reputable doctor with some knowledge of endocrinology who will be willing to take the time to study him thoroughly and do the necessary testing. Perhaps he'll find the answer—but, no matter what, the patient is doomed to dieting until he reaches his ideal weight and the body restores itself to normal.

Learn to eat the hamburger without the bun. Try a shrimp cocktail instead of pâté. Have a boiled or broiled lobster instead of a two-inch sirloin steak. Use a low-calorie salad dressing and jazz it up with real garlic and fresh-ground black pepper. Broil your chicken instead of frying it and don't eat the skin. Skip the bacon or ham sandwich and have a thin slice of veal or roast beef. Try roast lamb with fat trimmed as a substitute for pork. Cut down on salt. Limit bread to a slice or two a day, and use as little butter as possible. A Teflon frying pan is a godsend if you don't want to bother with the broiler.

Most important of all, never—repeat never—start a diet without consulting your physician; what works for your friends won't necessarily work for you. Your nutritional needs may differ and your food tolerance may be drastically different. Diets are at their best when they are tailor-made to suit individual body chemistry.

STANLEY SCHACHTER, Ph.D.

Professor of Social Psychology, Columbia University.

Dr. Schachter believes that "the set of physiological symptoms considered characteristic of food deprivation are not labelled as hunger by the overweight. In other words, *the overweight person literally may not know when he is physiologically hungry*. . . . This may seem to be a remote possibility, but it appears to be the case."

Under the guise of a taste test, Dr. Schachter and his associates conducted an interesting experiment to try out his theory about hunger responses. For his subjects he used two groups of male undergraduates at Columbia College; each student was tested individually.

One group of students was asked not to eat the meal preceding the experiment—either lunch or dinner in this case. They were told that the fasting was necessary to prevent their taste discrimination from being impaired.

Then, since the object was to fill the stomachs of one group and keep the other group with empty stomachs, the first group, containing both normal-weight and overweight men, were left in a room where there was a stack of roast beef sandwiches on the table. They were all told to eat as many as they wanted until they were satisfied. They ate for fifteen minutes and at the same time filled out a food preference questionnaire.

The empty stomach group was seated in front of five bowls of crackers and asked to taste the different kinds of crackers and given a taste sheet to note how the crackers tasted—salty, cheesy, garlicky, et cetera.

Before they were allowed to eat the crackers some were told they were to be subjected to non-painful electric stimulation so that the researchers could study the effect of tactile stimulation on taste. This fiction was invented to produce what Dr. Schachter calls Low Fear. In order to stimulate High Fear part of the group were shown a phony electric shock machine and told the same story only with the added warning that the shocks would be painful. Then the students—the Full Stomachs and the Empty Stomachs—began to eat, taste, and rate the crackers for the next fifteen minutes.

Here was a group of people, overweight and normal; empty and full; frightened and calm. In this way Dr. Schachter was able to study the eating behaviour of the subjects under the guise that they were (Continued on page 137)

THE FIFTY THRIFTIES



NIFTY LITTLE DAY LOOKS, THRIFTY LITTLE PRICES

Thrifty-nifties. Nifty-thrifties. Any way you look at them, they look terrific. Little dresses with yards of dash to every inch. Little prices small enough to tuck inside your snugly-wrapped head. The one big thing, and there's nothing bigger, is having all this good news within reach—on these and the next four pages and every hanger you own.

$60 Ribby black knit, *left*, bouncing its big patch pockets off one of the jauntiest dirndls around. By Arnold Scaasi Knits for Tannel, of Trevira. At Bergdorf Goodman. Just enough rope, by Sant' Angelo.

$16 Scarlet T-shirter, *above right*, going freshly off on its own when it's not in snappy tandem as T-tunic and pants. A Ban-Lon pants turnout, of Antron nylon, by Leslie Juniors. Lord & Taylor. Doubling as belt, rope trick by Larry Reiter for the Andrew Geller Boutique.

$26 Beige shirtdress, *centre right*, making the living so much niftier and thriftier you'll be really living this one up. A Ban-Lon shirtdress, of Antron nylon, by Leslie Juniors. At Lord & Taylor.

$35 Little on shirt, big on print, *below right*—orange, beige, and brown. A Ban-Lon shirtdress of nylon by Ken Scott. Available, early in May, at Lord & Taylor. Tasselled white braid sash by Elegant.







NIFTY LITTLE STRIPES, THRIFTY LITTLE CHECKS

$60 Roman shirt-stripes, *above,* black and white and every width on a little-sleeved little knit with lots of white collar flash. By Nardis of Dallas, of double-knitted Dacron. At Franklin Simon. White tasselled braid sash by Elegant. **$56** Coat-jumper checks, *centre above,* graphing a brisk new patch-pocket look—brown and white coat-buttoned over a sheer brown shirt. Cotton jumper and shirt of Dacron and cotton, both by Howard Wolf. At Bloomingdale's. **$50** Stripe-ling white, red, and blue, *centre,* band together in a sizzly-sharp little knit. Ronnie Simon design for P. F. Knits, of Celanese acetate. Thalhimers. **$40** is less than a quarter a stripe, *centre below,* for a thrifty little nifty in brown-and-white shirting, to button or not from neck to hem. By Lorch of Dallas, of Dacron (Lawson fabric). At Miller & Rhoads. Belt by Sant' Angelo. **$35**—That's what all these red-and-white checks add up to, *far right,* plus everything a shirtdress should be. By The Sidneys, of cotton poplin (J. P. Stevens fabric). Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Joseph Horne; Joseph Magnin. Elegant belt.





NIFTY-THRIFTIES—THE LITTLE LOOKS

$65 and tiny as a tennis dress, *far left*, this sleeveless little nifty is white-on-white plaid belted high, pocketed low. By Laurence Gross; Arnel and cotton (Haven fabric). Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

$90 The must-have sweater and its very own dress, *above left:* simply a sleeveless navy cashmere cardigan (can't you see it over every shirt you've got?) going over great here with white sharkskin shirt sleeves and breezy pleats. By Jamison; dress, of Arnel sharkskin (printed scarf not shown). Bonwit Teller.

$65 Short sleeves and short pleats, *centre left*—and there you have a bright, snapdash spin of brown looking all the snappier for the little belted fly-front jacket. Jacket and skirt by Barbarella, of Trevira and rayon. At Bloomingdale's.

$110 Revers on the rise, white belt on the rise, *below left:* nothing niftier could happen to a little sleeveless black silky flare. By Moe Nathan, of William Rose rayon and silk. At De Pinna. Espadrilles, here and above, at Casa Moneo.

$125 and you're in—a terrific beige linen coatdress, *above*, with huge Napoleonic revers, little silvery circles *en marche*, and four flap pockets trooping alongside. By Kloss-Pruzan; Moygashel linen. Henri Bendel. Sash by Elegant.

nifty little tunic looks from vogue patterns

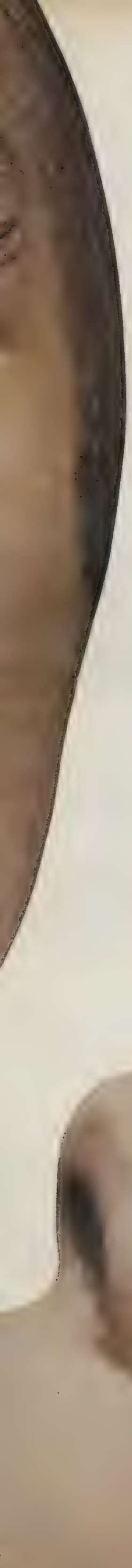


Now's the time for the longer tunic with a short skirt, with pants—snappy as all get-out in vivid scarlet charged-up with white—knotted and tasselled white ropes tied at the waist, neat little heads wrapped in white turbans, and spiffy white espadrilles. *Left:* Longest tunic, shortest skirt in supple jersey—the tunic cut like an open-throated shirt, full-sleeved and roped. Tunic, Vogue Pattern 7578. Skirt, Vogue Pattern 2153. *Right:* Pants and the longer tunic—V-neck, buttoned cuffs, miles of knotted rope. Pants, Vogue Pattern 7578. Tunic, Vogue Pattern 2153. All Wear Dated jerseys of cotton and Monsanto Blue C polyester (Security Stretchlon). Sant' Angelo knotted rope. Tasselled rope, left: Elegant. Espadrilles at Casa Moneo. Pattern details, page 28.





1





4



2

Time to watch— new ovals, new circles



5



6



3



7

Eye-filling news: the well-rounded watch and the watch with the oval look. Ovalling vertically. Horizontally. Ovalled squares, ovalled rectangles. Ovals. Gold sunburst, *opposite page, left,* raying to gold shimmer. Watch-pin by Rolex. $750. At Cartier.

1. Ovalling beauty—perfect proportion, perfect movement. Watch by Patek Philippe. $850. At Cartier; Bailey Banks & Biddle.

2. Shining new move—on the horizontal side. It's by Movado. $265. At Tiffany.

3. Scarlet and gold making the oval news tick. Movado. $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Bailey Banks & Biddle.

4. Circle in the square—getting around with terrific speed of line. Patek Philippe. $850. At Cartier; Bailey Banks & Biddle; Balogh.

5. New field for wheat—a circlet watch-pin. By Rolex. $650. Cartier; Bailey Banks & Biddle; C. D. Peacock.

6. A pure oval of bright, brushed gold. By Piaget. $850. Van Cleef & Arpels.

7. The most luxurious way to take your time—lapis lazuli ovalled in gold. Watch by Piaget. $2,000. At Van Cleef & Arpels. All watches on both these pages are in gold with Swiss movements.

JAMES HOUGHTON

Time to play—new ovals, new circles



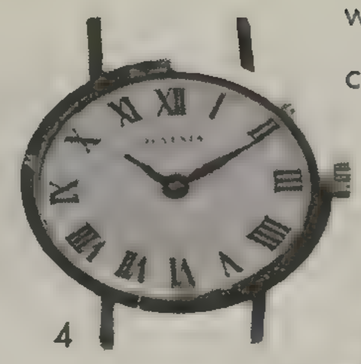
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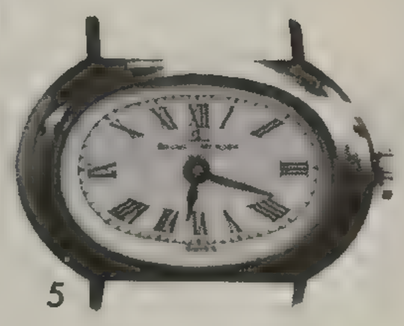
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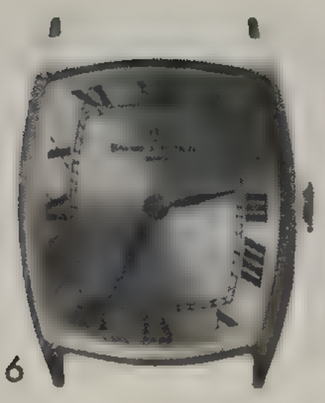
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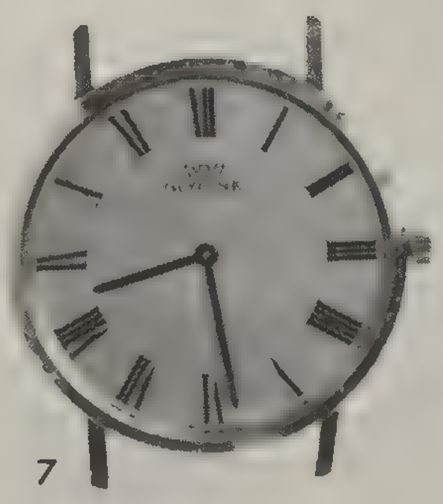
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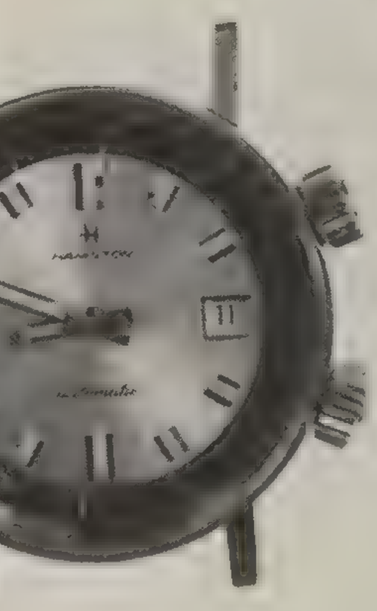
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8

9

1. All the news that's fit to chronograph. Gruen. About $72. 2. One of the brightest moves around—the oblong gone oval. Bueche Girod. $550. Cartier; Shreve & Co., San Francisco. 3. The well-rounded square. Corum. $290. Cartier. 4. Making a fine case for the smaller watch—the horizontal oval. Juvenia. $185. Tourneau. 5. Another horizontal oval, plump as a tiny gold pillow. Baume & Mercier. $225. Bergdorf Goodman; Laykin et Cie., at I. Magnin. 6. Round and round the rectangle goes, polishing off a great ovalled look. Baume & Mercier. $250. Bergdorf Goodman; Laykin et Cie., at I. Magnin. 7. Slim little wafer—all curve and no weight. Glycine. $395. Lambert Bros.; Bailey Banks & Biddle. 8. The way to circle dates on your calendar: this Hamilton watch. About $100. William Barthman. 9. How a square watch gets around—Corum's bright lesson in timeliness. $660. Cartier.

10. Fake lapis, real numbers circled in shine. Schiaparelli. $45. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. 11. Turn-of-the-century circles favoured this look—roundly numbered on mother-of-pearl. Old England. $18. Bloomingdale's; J. W. Robinson. 12. Round-the-corner watch—blue as marble, on the face of it. Old England. $30. Bloomingdale's; J. W. Robinson. 13. Bamboo—bent into a gilded oval. Sheffield. $25. Best & Co., Wanamaker's, Phila. 14. The oval-est Roman numerals of them all. Timex. About $12. Bloomingdale's; Higbee's. 15. This watch moves in the nicest circles. Schiaparelli. $60. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. 16. The most roundabout way a watch can go—and still be oblong. By Dynasty. $30. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's. 17. Taking the bit here—the big racy watch. Kenneth J. Lane for Sheffield. $45. Best & Co.; Joseph Magnin. 18. The perfect oval watch lying on its side between golden shining links. Fashiontime. $27. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's. Playing for time in the background: game board from Mark Cross. All watches have Swiss movements except 13, 14, 17.

DAVID MASSEY


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15
13
11
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14





OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

THE ADVENTURE-FILLED APARTMENT OF THE MARQUESA DE PORTAGO

The Marquesa de Portago beams excitement, transmits it all around. "I'm the only person who has ever lived in this apartment; when the block was being built I chose it," she said and one believes it. High above Fifth Avenue with the spread of Central Park making a marvellous backdrop to the living room's big windows, it is essentially and totally Carol de Portago's, charged with her personality and full of her vibrations, her interests, her trophies gathered from her safaris, travels, and quests all over the world. This astonishing woman has created out of her apartment an Aladdin's cave of idiosyncratic treasures—a Chinese screen found in Paris stands above zebra skins from Kenya, African masks mix with modern paintings, kinetic sculpture with Chinese porcelain.

Vivid, blond, with an exhilarated high-tuned quickness, Carol de Portago harbours many improbable strengths and talents in her small, fine-boned (Continued on next page)

Framed by great bursts of garlic flowers in front of a black lacquered eighteenth-century Chinese screen found in Paris, the Marquesa sits in her living room, one wall, above, dominated by a Stephen Phillips painting (1967); a multiple mobile by Julio Le Parc hangs above a Louis XV chair, on the table a multiple by Takis.

HORST

body, and she seems to stretch time to fit her activities. She has two children, Andrea and Anthony (now at Groton), loves people, music, parties, good conversation, and her apartment—for all its flavour of safari—could only be the home of a woman interested in all kinds of arts, all kinds of living. Her flair for the original, her eye for colour is put to use in her professional life as partner with Arthur Bennett in the decorating firm of Bennett-Portago; the apartment is sparked by the leaps of her imagination, the original juxtaposition of objects, the juggle of shapes: A painting by Robert Cardwell hangs parallel to the ceiling and both room and picture gain by the placement; another, full of fat and abstract shapes gets counterpoint from the sharp curves of the antlered trophies above it. "I was born in South Carolina," the Marquesa said, "grew up there, but from as far back as I can (Continued on page 134)

Right: The Marquesa de Portago in her library; the painting on the ceiling by Robert Cardwell (1968); large painting on right of wall by Stephen Phillips (1967). Above the smaller painting by Herb Creasey (1966), three trophies from Africa; the largest is the Greater Kudu, above it, the Gerenuk, and, top, the Reedbuck.
1. A corner of the library with an aluminum painting by Bruce Brown (1967) next to a painting by Auguste Madrigal (1966). On the left, a portrait by Vidal-Quadras (1960) of the Marquesa's son, Anthony de Portago, hangs above a painting by Don Gray (1965).
2. In Anthony de Portago's bedroom, a Japanese painting of Kabuki dancers above a sofa covered with a vicuña skin bought in Bolivia. The papier-mâché rooster on the table was found in Mexico.
3. A table in the library with a carved Ashanti doll; a Chinese dog in blue Ch'ien Lung porcelain; two ivory boxes carved with the faces of a leopard and a jaguar; a collection of Scottish horn snuffboxes and an ostrich egg from South Africa.
4. The entrance hall, with an Auguste Madrigal (1968) painting hanging on the mirror, above a marble trompe-l'oeil eighteenth-century bureau; on the bureau, and on stands, part of the Marquesa's collection of Ming and Ch'ien Lung blue-and-white porcelain.
Left: The Marquesa in her living room in front of the Julio Le Parc multiple with, on the glass table, a mounted head of a Dik-Dik. On her right, an elephant tusk trophy and, on a table made from eighteenth-century Chinese garden stools, a wire sculpture by William Accorsi.

HORST





Sitting pretty—tunics all night

Tunics to dine in, tunics to sleep in, tunics that look marvellous for every hour of the night.... Flowers for dinner, left: a sashed tunic and pants in a garden of pink, purple, and aquamarine on white—perfect for small parties and dinners at home. Vanity Fair, of polyester. About $40. Altman's; Bullock's, Downtown. The Pucci-print tunic, right, for evenings with friends—vivid splashes of pink and brown, held by puckery elasticized bands at the midriff and wrists, over pouffy harem pants. Emilio Pucci for Formfit Rogers, of Antron nylon tricot; about $65. At Bonwit Teller; G. Fox; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. The tunic to sleep in, above right—simply a V-neck shirt in pale-blue nylon tricot string-tied and edged with rows of stitching. Van Raalte, of Du Pont nylon; $11. At Altman's. Coiffures here and the next two pages by Suga, using Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.





Sleeping pretty

Swing of pink, left: flirty little nightdress with a lacy brassière-top, white lacy straps, and one pink rose to sleep on. By Olga, of Dacron and cotton. About $15. At Bloomingdale's; Swanson's; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Honolulu. Step in and dream, right – the nightshirt, buttoned and tied; in opaque yellow nylon, inches of yellow lace at the hem. From the Sea Dream Collection by Maidenform, of Enka Crepeset nylon tricot. About $15. At Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Burdine's, Miami; H. & S. Pogue. The prettiest white eyelet, above left, for a delicious nightdress – threaded and tied with pink ribbon like a baby's coat over a ruffled bikini. By Saramae, of Kodel and cotton (Pedigree fabric). About $14. At Bonwit Teller. The transparent nightshirt, below left, in pale-buff nylon with lacy frills at the edges and three tiny sparklers to fasten it over bikini panties. By Kayser, of Enka nylon. About $12. At Bloomingdale's.



PENATI

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



We love this park–

It's just a bare plot that's turned into one of those Manhattan oases. . . . One rainy afternoon everybody there was wearing something designed by Stephen Burrows for the new O' Boutique. . . .

One more dot of design—left, Stephen Burrows' cobra-hooded black wool jersey tunic striped with strips of shiny brown snakeskin. O' Boutique, 36 Park Avenue South. . . .



Nothing's a better swing than an old rubber tire and some chain . . . and a ravishing shirt of creamy, clingy jersey laced in at the shoulders, the wrists, with leather tapes . . . and black kid soft leather pants, fringed everywhere. . . . Pants, at O' Boutique, 36 Park Avenue South. . . .



CHARLES TRACY

The tunic trio, top left, in blocks of colour—Patrick's navy, red jersey; Kimberly's beige, striped down the sides with navy, green; Michael's, scarlet and lacquer-red. All with matching pants. Each outfit about $80. . . .

The designer, Stephen Burrows, left, in his tweed ¾ pants—belted shirt of tricoloured jersey. Tunic, $60; pants, $30. . . .

Tweed jumpsuits, below left—Patrick's, herringbone tweed with black leather —Ramona's brown-and-black, brown leather trim. Each, $125. . . .

Leather fringe, left. Michael's cinnamon suède weskit with bands of cobra, $10. Kezia's black kid fringe, $50. O' Boutique, 36 Park Avenue South. . . .

Striped like a stripling, far right, a fawn jersey tunic open to the waist, appliquéd, pulled together with strips of navy-blue, brown leather . . . the new long line. The pants of navy-blue jersey. Pants, $60. Both designed by Stephen Burrows for the O' Boutique, 3 Park Avenue South. . . .

Ahh—the eternal wait, below. . . . Michael awaits in saffron matte jersey, with sleeves of plaid jersey . . . pepper-and-salt trousers with high waistband laced closed with tapes of leather. T-shirt, $15; pants, $60. O' Boutique, 36 Park Avenue South. . . .



More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Everywhere, endless ones are interested in the occult —in something out there ruling our destinies. . . . **Paris:** "Astroflash" is on the Champs-Elysées. You are received by a myriad of uniformed hostesses. For $5 they fill out an IBM card with your date, hour of birth, et cetera. . . . Within three minutes you have your complete astrological chart of about fourteen pages, in any language. The place is filled all day long with men and women, young and old. . . . **New York, London, Paris, Mexico City:** an upsurge of interest (especially by those who weren't around in the '20's when it was quite a thing) in the ideas of Georges Gurdjieff, the Russian mystic who developed a system of instruction and discipline for the attainment of "new levels of experience through total self-consciousness that progresses to world- and possibly even cosmic-consciousness—thus enabling the individual to be master of each moment. . . ."

Paris: "New Jimmy's and Castel's are filled to the hilt. . . . One sees a lot of crocheted dresses, scarfs around the head—scarfs everywhere—long straight hair. And heavy metal or silver jewellery. . . . The boys are still more imaginative, though, wearing lots of leather, fringed, or studded with silver nailheads. . . ."

New York: Fascinating how there are fashions in flowers, too . . . how, suddenly, everybody seems to want the same ideas. . . . This spring it's baskets—flowers arranged in them as if growing naturally, surrounded by verdant moss and luscious lacy ferns. . . . Antonio Flower Shop, 64 East 55th Street, "plants" pale yellow, deep yellow, orange, scarlet tulips this way in red, low, lacquer baskets. . . . The Greenery, 306 East 53rd Street takes old painted, weathered farmers' baskets and fills them with spring-green maiden-hair fern and masses of white—as if snowing—primula, primroses, crocuses, hyacinths. . . .

Paris: *On the rue Mazarin—near Alcazar—have sprung up a series of small restaurants. La Cafetière and Chez Georges are two, filled with charming designers of Paris—not especially couture, but furniture, interior decoration, et cetera. . . .* ***New York:*** *St. Adrian's bar—downtown on Broadway at Third Street—is the newest late-hour spot for faces, fashion, atmosphere. . . . Part of the old Broadway Hotel, its long bar dominated by John Clem Clarke's close-up version of Frans Hals's "Militia Company"—it's a place that used to be the hangout of the artists (like Max's Kansas City in its youth). But, of course, fashion follows fast, no? . . .*

New York: Are you looking for an espadrille? Or a Spanish shawl? Or a sombrero? Or a poncho? Or a mantilla? . . . Or cider from Argentina? Or south-of-the-border-shaded vittels? Or olives? Or tortillas? Casa Moneo is Manhattan's Latin-oriented boutique—it even smells like a local market in the old country. . . . Espadrilles, incidentally, are made in the north of Spain—in a large range of colours, with tapes to lace up the legs, hemp soles. Cost $3 a pair. Casa Moneo is at 210 West 14th Street. . . .

Fringe


1


2





4

Fringe

JACK ROBINSON

Swwishhff!—the sound of fringe—everywhere—swinging with the beat—it's so attractive! . . .

1. *Swwipp!* goes the leathery fringe on Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's gloves. S'fari Room, Bonwit Teller. . . . **2.** *Swip! Swap!* goes the chartreuse fringe on the brocade weskit Sue Anne Reginato flings in. $40, Serendipity 111, 225 East 60th Street. . . . **3.** *Swissh!* goes the stream of fringe swinging from Sue Anne Reginato's black pailletted weskit. $60, Serendipity 111, 225 East 60th Street. . . . **4.** *Swoosh!* goes Susan Burden's hair, and swoosh! go the fans of fringe of the black matte jersey jumpsuit. $70, Etcetera, 136 East 57th Street. . . . **5.** *Fluussh!* in the sultry air near Marrekech. . . . Marie Gustavssen's gold-and-black glitter lace—the sleeves cut to fringy ribbons. $360, Paco Rabanne, 33 rue Bergère, Paris 9. **6.** *Flaassh!* goes the fringe on *Hair* star Rhonda Oglesby's beige suède weskit, $85. The Pleasure Dome, 8371 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. . . .

More on next page



LORIEUX

5



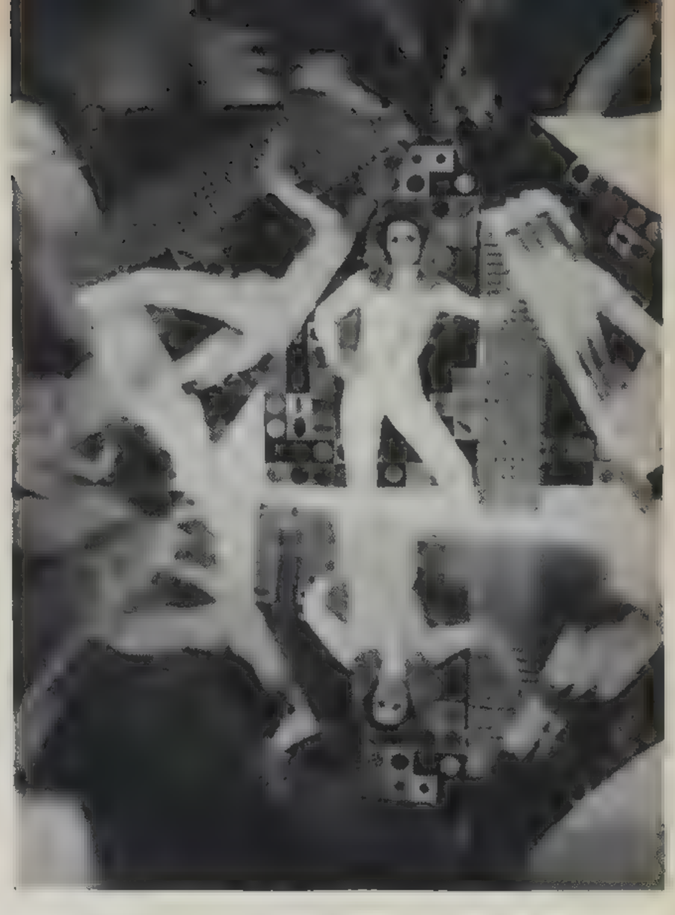
HOGENBOOM

6



In Paris the girls

love hats with a brim, a snap. . . . Mme. Patrice Laboret, left, loves this pale baku straw plantation hat with a tricolour band. By Gelot-Lanvin. About $32. At the Lanvin men's boutique, corner of rue Royale and rue Cambon. . . .



Mme. Laboret loves jumpsuits, poses in Denise René's Rive Gauche gallery with Vasarely tapestry, a Florsheim construction. . . . The jumpsuit, by V de V, will be at Abercrombie & Fitch here. . . .



And above, Philomène Toulouse loves the head-binding Indian scarfs—the handsome gold and silver jewellery designed and made by sculptress Arlette Curie. At MG Store, 54 rue Bonaparte. . . . Mlle. Toulouse, a painter, will soon be exhibiting her work in Paris and New York. . . .

Philomène Toulouse, below, loves the beauties of the East that have been collected in Paris's new Indian boutique, Mohanjeet. . . . For instance, the embroidered cotton caftan, $84. Mohanjeet, 12 rue Jacob.



LOR EUX



Carole Boyrivain, left, loves the snap-up chic of Cerruti's hats, his scarfs, his bracelets—the works. Oatmeal-coloured straw hat, $39; silk square tied over it, $18; black leather wrist-cuff with silver bison head on it, $32. All, Cerruti 1881, at 3 Place de la Madelaine. . . .

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

It takes a heap of loving

Not just nighttime loving, but morning-noon-and-twilight care makes a skin a good home, banishes the lived-in look. Revlon struck out at lineage awhile ago with Ultima II Translucent Wrinkle Creme, a gel that coddles dry skin, taps though reveille, battles wrinkles in the dark. Now a daytime companion is here, a molten-amber liquid: Translucent Wrinkle Lotion. Same plans, same charms as night-shift colleague. Different texture to moisturize under makeup —or go it alone preserving the oil-moisture balance. Keeping that balance, especially for dry skins, is about the most sinister threat you can present to an incipient wrinkle. The Revlon genii have cast daylight on what was once just a moonlighting affair.

Who's that in the kitchen with Dyna?

You, there, the icebox sneak thief? Isn't there anything constructive you could be doing in the kitchen? Don't enter it again unless clad in a snappy little belt called Dyna. Dynabelt. No wires to pull. Properly moistened, Dynabelt acts on batteries, wraps around bare skin with an instant Velcro closure. Flip the switch, a tiny motor shoots electric impulses into midriff, tummy, hip, and back muscles. When those lazy fellows get put to work, inches get toned off your pet disaster areas. . . . Dynabelt disappears under jackets, loose sweaters, and dresses and can be nobody-the-wiser decreasing you not only in the kitchen, but in the office while you're performing mighty business deeds. . . . Dynatone's the electronic wizard who devised this, and $70 is the price: very reasonable considering that this is a Dyna that might change your mind about you.

Heading for a fall?

An utterly entrancing real-hair fall? Or a wig? Or a wiglet? Old headliners in hair care and related ravishments, Helene Curtis now unfurls real-hair hairpieces. The Curtis folks are stern. "Shake a fall," they warn. "It shouldn't split open at any spot, nor should hair be added to compensate for a split—that makes it awkward, as well as more weighty." Pre-curled and in a glorious range of colours, three new Curtis real-hair creations await the styling touch of your local hairdresser, at whose parlour they should be stocked by now. All Fall: 16″ to braid, swing loose, ringlet, or pony. . . . Fashion Wigette, 8″ of dash can be twisted into a chignon. . . . Stretchable, 6″ wig, follows conformation of any deserving head, delivers a short, lighthearted coif. . . . As flexible as you wish your own hair were, each is endowed with the fastidious Curtis craftsmanship. "It takes 22″ of hair to make a 16″ fall" will give you an idea of their operational procedure. (More Ready Beauty, page 132)

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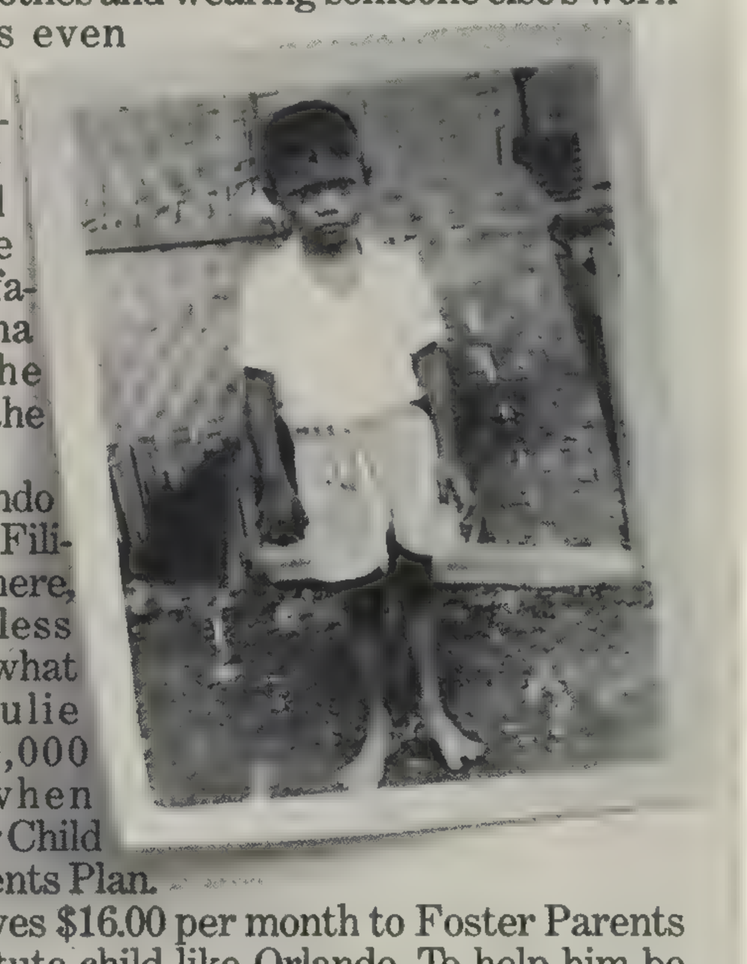
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*Patent Pending

Julie Andrew's "son" had to wear rags to school.

It's hard to go to school when you must go on an empty stomach, with torn clothes and wearing someone else's worn out shoes. And it's even harder to return home to a relative's ramshackle house where you and your family must live and watch your father's chronic asthma worsen because he can't afford to lose the 50c a day he earns.



This is what Orlando Cortez, the little Filipino boy pictured here, lives with. Hopeless poverty. And this is what individuals like Julie Andrews and 160,000 groups prevent when they "adopt" a Foster Child through Foster Parents Plan.

Julie Andrews gives $16.00 per month to Foster Parents Plan to help a destitute child like Orlando. To help him become better educated so he can improve his own life in his own country. To help provide him and his family with food, clothing, counseling, and medical aid when called for.

When she became a Foster Parent, Julie Andrews received a case history and photograph of her Foster Child. She exchanged monthly letters with her "child," translated by Foster Parents Plan and is kept up to date on his progress through annual reports.

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V-4-69

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Spa-ing partner

Bathing to some girls—the bracing, bounding with vitality kind—takes on the ritualistic seriousness of a spa. It's a way of revitalizing the limb, chivvying the mind, elevating the ego. Just what Vitabath—paragon purveyors of zip and zing in the bathroom—had in mind when they produced an after-bath Friction Cologne to go with their other boons. It tingles on all over with some pretty, long, cool results. Long and cool in itself: the green-frosted, black-capped bottle this comes in.

Round won

The battle between face powder—of the spilling ways—and the travelling beauty who clings to it, is about to be won. All due to the efforts of Evelyn Marshall—a beautician whose previous inventiveness produced the first brush-on-brow and one of the earliest mouth-colour lipsticks. Her latest brain wave: a weightless, see-through round little powder compact, called Poudre Traveler, to carry just enough to see you through. In the pretty red and white lid, a mirror. In the base, a perforated guard and a puff. All you have to do to win: face up to it.

Rubbing it in

You know those women—maybe you're one of them—whose skin is so on the dry side that perfume deserts them in no time at all. They claim their skin, when it comes to perfume, is a problem drinker. There are a number of solutions for this, and the latest we've been enthralled by is the work of Houbigant, brewers of the rich, heady potion called Chantilly. New Chantilly Cream Sachet, frothed on to all the perfume points, smooths in, settles down for a long stay. And silkens the skin while it's at it. The tiny jar tucks away for easy travelling. This is one time you'll love to rub it in.

Sweet smell of security

Wafting all about Eve these days could be any one of Hattie Carnegie's four perfumes—if she happens to own The Temptation. Sounds like the latest soul group but it turns out to be a teeny-tiny perfume flacon (holds ¼ oz.) topped with a coiled golden serpent and chained to that irresistible apple. The chain? For Eve's keys to Eden, of course. Cost of this witty wickedness—from Hattie Carnegie—$7.50. Refill it with an eyedropper. (More Ready Beauty, page 140.)

The New Theatre

(Continued from page 81)

those we spoke before? That is why Pinter and Beckett have taken to a frugal precision in the use of words. Words mean things besides what they "mean."

2001 is a movie of few words and those there are don't make much sense—only after reading Arthur C. Clarke's novel do you understand what was meant, and to be embarrassed by it. Taken literally, the movie is incomprehensible. But to grasp the sense of *2001* you must abandon old notions of comprehension. Stanley Kubrick, its director, pictured the unity of man and his universe, needing no story, no point, no literary content to make a statement because the statement was the image. Nor did attuned audiences need a plot or literary coherence to grasp its purpose.

As with the plays of Pinter, as with the duplicate realities of Warhol, as with the bands of colour of Frank Stella or the primary structures of sculptors like David Smith and Don Judd, *2001* must be viscerally understood, not explained. You don't ask a hamburger what it means, but it can mean more than a lump of meat. A hamburger has come to be an object that looks like what hamburgers are supposed to look like. The way motels look like pictures of motels and lamps look like pictures of lamps until everything becomes a replica of a prototype: Our parties are reproductions of parties, our lives are reproductions of lives. It is why Warhol would like to be a machine.

The power of *2001* lies not in its words but in its pictures, so many of which are as geometric, as basic as the primary structures of Smith and Judd or the elementary patterns of Stella. Kubrick's film is as primary as atoms and solar systems, minuscule-infinite. It is the first I've seen that justifies the use of a large screen and one of the few that justifies a screen at all (most movies could be novels).

The Playhouse of the Ridiculous, on the other hand, was an avalanche of words—restructuring the language, challenging meanings, applying this new dimension to the cause of comedy. Organized by Ronald Tavel, with John Vaccaro as house director, this Off-Off Broadway company presented post-camp spectaculars, degenerate-naïve, so outrageously obscene, so exotic-idiotic that you are relieved of the burden—reminded of the hopelessness and artifice—of nineteenth-century rationality. Tavel has stated it impeccably—he has gone "beyond illogic into pre-logic."

Tavel, who collaborated on the early Warhol movies, specializes in baroque plotting, preposterous puns, confused gender, and the ultimate extension of sexual deviation (we are yet to suspect where the current movement to ambisexuality will lead—probably nowhere). Vaccaro contributed supergaudy staging, slapstick humour with massive companies, and constant genital humour—grabbing, squeezing, pinching, pulling off, sticking on, or in, or up, or out. The Playhouse presented a string of productions, including Charles Ludlam's interplanetary extravaganza *Conquest of the Universe*. The highlight of this production was the effeminate, blankly smiling Taylor Mead, costumed like Mary Martin's *Peter Pan*, swinging out over the audience and singing "I've Got to Crow." Tavel and Vaccaro have since gone their own ways, while Ludlam organized The Ridiculous Theatrical Company and stocked it with the likes of *Turds in Hell*. Tavel extended his work to other theatres (*Gorilla Queen* and *Arenas of Lutetia* at the Judson Poets' Theatre, *Boy on the Straight-Back Chair* for the American Place Theatre).

Such not-quite-nonsense is like Pinter, Beckett, and Kubrick in replacing traditional (and often spurious) "intelligence" with deromanticized fundamentalism in the form of non- and anti-verbal thinking. A post-existential fundamentalism most richly expressed by today's fantastically thriving art and music.

The relationship between Pop, and post-Pop, Art and today's music is fascinating and exciting. The most modern of the new art songs are pop in the

(Continued on page 134)

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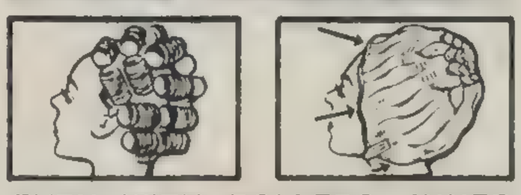
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The New Theatre

(Continued from page 133)

same sense that art is pop. That is, they rise to surfaces. This is the key to Tiny Tim's popularity as much as it is to the work of The Beatles, Harpers Bizarre, Van Dyke Parks, Nilsson, and Randy Newman. It is where Bob Dylan went after realizing that the wind was more important than the answers (?) blowing in it. It is the same vision as that of modern painters and sculptors—a vision so far ahead of the movies and especially the theatre that the difference becomes not merely progressive but dimensional. (Small wonder that young people are not attracted to the theatre.)

What we presently call avant-garde theatre demonstrates how vast that difference is, if only in that our avant-garde is but a duplicate of all past avant-gardes. The stage has, for the past five years, been giving directors even greater creative rôles. A play, after all, exists only when it is produced. Until then, it is only a script. Academics will argue this point but take my word for it or, better still, look for yourself. Brecht understood this thirty years ago, creating plays as *productions*. Broadway choreographer-directors (Jerome Robbins particularly) did this of necessity and it's one reason why the Broadway musical is the only current stage form that will have any lasting significance.

Meanwhile, our theatre, sluggish creature that it is, is only now discovering such techniques. Directors such as William Ball of the American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco and Peter Brook of London's Royal Shakespeare Company are creating theatre pieces such as *Tiny Alice* and *Marat/Sade*, respectively, upon bases of writing and staging. Theatre companies are working communally with playwrights (Joseph Chaikin's Open Theatre particularly) so that productions like *America Hurrah* and *Futz!* become the joint work of playwrights, actors, and directors. Other of these companies are dismissing playwrights entirely: The Living Theatre, Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Lab Theatre, Richard Schechner's Performance Group.

Some of these companies are edging toward a primary structurism in the theatre, but for the most part they are held back by outmoded senses of meaning and message (our whole idea of *depth* has been a trivial and sad pretense). They talk a great deal about ritual and masks as if these were sufficient for a whole kind of theatre. Concepts like ritual are, again, merely duplicates of some original, whimsical idea of art.

As for the current innovations, I only wish there were as much to them as there is written about them: *An actor going into the audience—dressed or not—is no big deal.* A complaint about American policies in Viet Nam is Ibsenism whether the actor is wearing clothes or not. Guerrilla theatre is tacky propaganda by costumed middle-class intellectuals of whom Che Guevara was this generation's original. Such devices and purposes are archaic, pathetic, simple-minded imitations of the idea of innovation.

So, you see, the stuff you read about in Sunday supplements and drama sections—the nudity, the audience involvement, the obscene language—well, that's only the specific detail at the bottom of the column, after you've subtracted the sense of what's going on. It is "news," "feature stories," in the sterilized, journalism-with-a-green-visor sense. It is pure Warhol, just as those productions are without realizing it, and no less so than *Forty Carats*.

Meanwhile, music and most of all, art, continue. Where they will lead is very much a mystery and perhaps a little frightening. The stage trails hopelessly behind with just those few exceptions I've been talking about, and some I haven't, such as Michael McClure's *The Beard*, John White's *Bananas*, and the movie *Head*. Yet, even in our theatre, the ground is beginning to shift. Young audiences, so hopelessly lost as customers, are looking back now that movie art is no longer a novelty. The stage is a little unsteady on its feet but our eyes are changing and when that happens, everything is dragged along sooner or later. *That's* what's new.

Marquesa de Portago

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remember I thought New York had more to offer than any other city in the world. But I married a European and went to live in Paris for ten years. At the time my husband was killed we had an apartment in New York and I decided to stay here, but *then* I went to live in Hong Kong for five years. I came back here four years ago and feel I don't want to leave here ever again."

It seems unlikely that this honey-haired woman with her small hands, unemphatic, surprised voice, her look of fragility should spend rigorous days scouring mountains, trekking through jungle, but her appearance disguises an extraordinary, tensile strength. A selective and discriminating sportswoman, the Marquesa wants to establish a museum in the United States for North American Big Game. "There are twenty-five magnificent species," she said, "from polar bear to the puma. And I want the museum to show not just the animal but its living conditions, its habitat, its general environment and the vegetation around." She intends to fulfill this ambition within five years, views any difficulties and obstacles to her plan with considerable detachment—justified, since that hidden physical strength is matched by her will.

For the Marquesa de Portago, travelling or going on safari is almost a necessity, a time for feeling unstifled, unencumbered by objects, a time for refreshment. "I love beautiful objects and amusing ones," she said. "Yet I have little sentiment about them. I could leave them behind and am rather frightened of possessing too many things. Finally they can possess one instead of being possessed." It is not likely to happen to this free-spirited woman, possessed only by an explorer's spirit, who makes life an adventure for living.

Great Kate

(Continued from page 88)

left me bewildered and cross. I changed tack, and she cut in, "You're not a chocolate girl."

Our conversation at an end, my mission frustrated, I was about to return to London. What did I know about Katharine Hepburn, whom the *Filmgoer's Companion* tersely described as "American star with Bryn Mawr accent and dominant personality": that she was born on November 8, 1909, one of the six children of Dr. Thomas Hepburn, noted surgeon and urologist of Hartford, Connecticut. That her father came from a Virginian background; that her mother, Katharine Houghton, was a graduate of Bryn Mawr. As a young girl Katharine Hepburn took ice-cold baths each morning, played tennis and golf, helped entertain Sinclair Lewis at dinner, and distributed suffragette pamphlets with her mother.

Katharine Hepburn was not particularly popular at Bryn Mawr and roomed alone. Horace Howard Furness, the Shakespearian scholar, chose her to play in an Elizabethan pageant. This, and her passion for the silent-film star William S. Hart, and the impression that O'Neill's *Anna Christie* made upon her pushed her toward acting.

After graduation, in 1928, she married a Philadelphian named Ludlow Ogden Smith, but the marriage ended in divorce in 1934.

Also in 1928, she was given a small part in *The Czarina* in New York by the producer Edwin Knopf. Her father didn't approve of the theatre, but after a few weeks he sent her twenty-five dollars with the excuse: "I won this gambling on the golf course, and I don't approve of gambling and I don't approve of what you're doing, so I think this money ought to be yours."

But in 1932, having been fired out of town, she was rehired as a lead in *The Warrior's Husband* (based on *Lysistrata*) and became an overnight success.

George Cukor thought she had "an odd, barking way with her," and liked the way she put down a glass. He and David Selznick brought her to Hollywood where she made her first film, *A Bill of Divorcement*, opposite John Barrymore.

In the following year, 1933, Hepburn made *Morning Glory*, playing a thrustful girl who comes ambitiously from the Middle West to make a name on Broadway, and for this she won her first Oscar. That year she also played Jo in *Little Women*. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., recalls her technical limitations at that time but remembers being struck by her enormous intelligence. "She made no effort to put on a show, so they thought she was an eccentric. She always had her Yankee life to go back to."

In 1933, she returned to Broadway to do *The Lake*, and it was of that performance that Dorothy Parker wrote: "Katharine Hepburn ran the gamut of emotion from A to B."

After three years, her Hollywood success went sour. She returned to favour after the Broadway production in 1939 of *The Philadelphia Story*; bought the film rights from its author, Philip Barry, and sold them to MGM. Cukor directed, and she has remained dazzlingly in favour ever since.

Her success as Tracy Lord was followed in 1941 by *Woman of the Year*, in which she played a bossy highbrow. This was the first of the Katharine Hepburn/Spencer Tracy comedies in which they developed their own sophisticated, competitive, and loving relationship; he shrewd and deadpan, she gawky and frenetic. Hepburn has said of their partnership, "I think we represent the perfect American couple. I needle him, and I irritate him, and I try to get round him, yet if he puts a big paw out, he could squash me."

Probably her most famous performance was opposite Humphrey Bogart in *The African Queen*, as a forbidding spinster who eventually capitulates to a gin-soaked riverboat captain. She has said that the element of comedy in the film didn't just grow, it was planted. "John Huston gave me one of the best pieces of direction I have ever had. He said, 'I don't know what to say to you, Kate, but when you are serious you look very serious. Why don't you play it like Eleanor Roosevelt. Smile, pour out the gin, smile; whatever you do, smile.' It was a brilliant piece of direction and made it all very funny, too."

After *The African Queen*, she played variations on the rôle of passionate, if repressed, spinster, nostrils flaring, mouth quivering, in *The Rainmaker* and *Summertime*. She also gave a magnificent performance as the mother in *Long Day's Journey into Night*. Here her most predictable gestures, the collapsing smile, the way she hides her mouth with her fingers when she's afraid and lifts her voice at the end of a sentence as if to ward off disaster, never seem mannered.

At intervals during her film career, Hepburn has returned to the theatre. In 1950, she played Rosalind in Michael Benthall's Broadway production of *As You Like It*. In 1952, she played Epifania in Shaw's *The Millionairess*, in which she was said to glitter "like a bracelet thrown up at the sun."

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner was her first picture in five years. How she worked with her niece, Katharine Houghton, and how she tenderly cared for Tracy, who died just after the film was completed, have been the subjects of endless reports.

Katharine Hepburn next played Eleanor of Aquitaine opposite Peter O'Toole in *The Lion in Winter* which Anthony Harvey directed. O'Toole and she love each other; she calls him the Pig, and he calls her Old Nags. He told me: "She made more impression on me than anyone else in my life. As an actress she is totally generous. But if you don't respond, you're the one who dies. If you have an off day, she'll help. But if you have a hangover and aren't 100 per cent, she'll cut your throat. What she responds to is the author, and the person she's playing with. What she requires of a director is encouragement to be courageous.

"During one take I was so knocked out by her that it affected my performance. It took her five seconds to figure out what was wrong. The Pig, she

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Great Kate

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announced, had been an audience."

Hepburn's professional devotion is staggering. Downcast by my first meeting with her in Nice. I had returned to the set the following morning. She had got there before anyone else and was busy studying the script with Bryan Forbes. She wore her cap, which is modelled on one she found in Germany during World War II, red socks, and a faded red jacket. Suddenly she began to giggle, and she turned in my direction and called, "You know I try to make up to my director, so I prepare his lunch. He's so desperately fussy, you have to take the skin off the chicken. Three times my homemade soup exploded in his face —and he *minds* about his clothes."

She began to explain about her health obsessions, about swimming each morning and evening for "peripheral shocks," at which point a fat man came up with her bicycle, and she pedalled off.

In the evening we had a plan to meet in her dressing room. There she pulled off the false eyelashes, scrubbed away the makeup—the same liquid foundation prepared for her first film –and we talked.

"Before *The Philadelphia Story*, you know, my career had come to a tremulous end. I'd done a lot of bores, they were mistakes. *Bringing Up Baby* was good but before its time. I don't know why I was a success when I first went to Hollywood, although I suspect it was something to do with my being the new girl, and there's nothing more thrilling.

"I remember when I was a flop and living at home in Connecticut, Phil Barry came to see me with two ideas. He arrived to find a lot of my family eating cinnamon toast on the verandah. He took me to the end of the pier and suggested two ideas. I liked *The Philadelphia Story* one, and when the first act arrived, I loved it. Originally the second act was more about the father-daughter relationship. It didn't appeal, so I flew up to Maine to see Phil, and he agreed to change it.

"Come on, let's go home." She climbed into the front seat next to her French chauffeur, and I in the back with Phyllis Wilbourn, her devoted secretary and companion (who disapproves of eating chocolates and had confiscated the box). We drove along the sea through Nice, along its ice-cream-cake front, and climbed towards the Cap Ferrat peninsula.

"Do you think," I asked, "that you could play out of character?"

"You mean a poor little thing with a weak voice? They'd laugh. They wouldn't take it. Camille? I might, but I'd disappoint. You see there's a limit to your capacities, especially if you have a personality which strikes people in a certain way. With me it's my voice, my walk, my edges," explained Hepburn. And with a directness that was not self-congratulatory she added, "Everything about me backs up everything else, and none of it is round.

"I loved playing Cleopatra on the stage. She was a fascinating character. Witty, delightful, a wicked sort of complicated lady. I think in the last analysis she was most interested in power politics. She was a big-time operator and I always enjoy any character like that. I loved *The Millionairess*. Shaw had wanted me to do it in 1939. I read it and sort of said no. I picked it up again when I was doing the road tour of *As You Like It*, and I suddenly knew how to do it. It was a stage direction: 'Enter Epifania, a figure of tragedy.' That was the secret.

"I find repetition in the theatre stupid and stupefying, and the theatre doesn't fit in with my day, which begins at five-thirty in the morning. I adore films, I think that's the great medium; but the theatre is much harder, a much greater discipline. And a play, if it's absolutely devastating, can hit you harder.

"I see a great many movies. Godard? No I haven't seen his films. Comedy? It's terribly hard to be comic in an age which is confused. This is the era of the squeaking wheel, and that bores me. I'm only interested in what *caused* the squeaking wheel. That mad ride to bump people off in *Bonnie and Clyde* —terribly boring."

At the top of a steep drive high above the sea, the driver stopped. Hepburn like a storm trooper, head first, bounded out and led the way into her villa. In the drawing room, she expertly reorganized a log fire and set it alight. Then we moved out on the terrace to share a bottle of champagne.

"My cook," Hepburn pointed to a Portuguese woman, "has arrived at all the same conclusions as I have—on dress, on religion, which we don't believe in, and on our fellowmen. She's a good tough egg, and so am I.

"I had a remarkable upbringing and remarkable health. My parents were reformers, and I was present and aware when they were doing things extremely advanced in such a conservative community. Not to be afraid to express your opinions, that's what they taught me. I was shunned at some parties, and it gave me a chip on the shoulder. But I always thought my parents were the greatest. I thought I was great, too.

"I didn't think I was pretty. I remember when I first went to Bryn Mawr, I walked into the dining room and somebody said, 'Self-conscious beauty.' I never went there again.

"I also remember a *New Yorker* cartoon of a young horse and an old one in a field. The young horse is tossing her head and the old one says, 'Somebody told her she looked like Katharine Hepburn.'

"Having had a gloriously fulfilled life with my family and people I've known, I think I'm one of the lucky ones. When I'm not working, I talk with a few people, I garden, I play tennis and swim. And I paint, though I've not studied. I admire the Impressionist school.

"I like to live attractively, but I'm not interested in possessions—I'm not a believer in things. I have no jewels or paintings, though I'm quite happy to see them in museums.

"Clothes never interested me. I've worn these trousers forty years, and I don't care a rap how I look, though I wash my hair every night. I can't stand dirty hair or people covered with makeup.

"When I first went out to Hollywood, I got an outfit from Elizabeth Hawes and a pancake hat, very much the thing in 1932. It was a sort of riding habit in Quaker-grey grosgrain with a high neck. (I always wear high necks, since I think my neck is ugly.) I got something in my eye and by the time I arrived in California, I had two red eyes, steel filings in one and the other red sympathetically. I walked into Cukor's office and he showed me the costumes for *A Bill of Divorcement*. I said I didn't think any well-dressed girl would wear them. He replied: 'What do you think you've got on?'

"Actually I take a tremendous amount of care over my costumes. I'll stand longer over a fitting than anybody. But you can't judge someone by what he's wearing. It's the inner part that counts.

"I really believe in what this play of Giraudoux's says, that everything would be fine if we could eliminate greed and self-examination. We've lived through an age of excusing everything, but if you do stinking things, you're going to reap the rewards. I believe in progress: A lot of people seem happier today than they used to. But when the sense of self-betterment dies in the United States, the civilization is over. The American individual is a very strong, very worthwhile creature. But there are so God damn *many* of us.

"When I was brought up, there was an enormously strong sense of the individual, and you were encouraged to be one. Now it's awfully difficult to leap out of the crowd and take off on your own bike."

The following day, Katharine Hepburn got Sarah Forbes to swim in that ice-cold sea. She made the rest of us skip. She tried to take us on a walking tour of Cap Ferrat. And during this time she philosophized, she chivvied, and she challenged us. She told stories and made us laugh, and she said that when you realize you're getting old and one part of you won't work, you have to accept it. But we failed to find anything about her that had grown old.

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participating in a taste test.

As expected, the normals ate fewer crackers when their stomachs were full. But—and here's the surprise—the fats ate as much or slightly more when their stomachs were full as when they were empty. Dr. Schachter concludes that the actual state of the stomach has nothing to do with the eating behaviour of the overweight.

Dr. Schachter also found that the High-Fear normals ate considerably fewer crackers but fear had little or no effect on the overweight. In fact the High-Fear overweight people ate slightly more than the calm fatties. This led the psychologists to conclude that the overweight do not label as "hunger" the same set of bodily symptoms that normals recognize.

Following this line of reasoning, Dr. Schachter suggests that there is a distinction between external and internal control of eating behaviour. He says, "Presumably eating behaviour is a joint function of the purely internal or physiological cues we commonly associate with the state of food deprivation and of largely external cues such as smell, taste, the sight of other people eating, et cetera, all food-related cues independent of the purely visceral correlates of the hunger state. Obviously such cues affect everyone's eating behaviour."

This leads to the theory that the eating behaviour of the overweight is, in very large part, under external control and relatively unrelated to the state of the stomach. On the other hand, the eating behaviour of a normal person is regulated by *both* external and internal cues.

In another, quite different experiment where wall clocks were manipulated to run either fast or slow so that the subjects thought it was either past dinner time or too early for dinner, the results were fascinating. In the overweight group the fast-time subjects ate almost twice as much as those on slower time. This indicates that the mere suggestion that it is time for dinner is a spur to eating for the overweight. On the other hand, the slow-time normals were inclined to refuse to eat in order not to spoil their dinner. It appears that eating crackers or anything else does not spoil dinner for the fat subject.

If one's wish to eat is triggered by stomach contractions and the smell of dinner cooking, then it is reasonable to expect that there is some kind of stop mechanism that says "Enough!" In normals, this mechanism is obviously in working order but with the overweight it appears to fail to signal satisfaction. In fact, Dr. Schachter has shown in experiments that fat people "eat just as much in an experimental eating situation conducted immediately after they have eaten a meal as they do when they have been deprived of food for some ten hours, whereas normal subjects, of course, eat considerably more after food deprivation than they do when they have eaten a meal."

Dr. Schachter openly admits that there is a multiplicity of elements which contribute to overweight in any one person; however, he believes that the evidence shows that the case for external stimuli as a salient factor in the study of the problem is extremely important.

ROBERT ATKINS, M.D.

A clinical researcher at a New York hospital, and an internist with a large private practice devoted to the treatment of weight problems and diabetes.

Over the years, Dr. Atkins has tested and treated some 4,000 patients. Dr. Atkins says he has found certain common denominators with the majority of his patients.

First, he finds that the great majority of his overweight patients are not putting him on when they say they can't take pounds off and keep them off. Perhaps one reason Dr. Atkins is so willing to believe what his patients say is that he himself once had a severe weight problem.

"I just decided one day after I had finished my medical training that I was sick and tired of being fat." After many abortive attempts, he discovered, through trial and error, that he apparently could not tolerate more than a minimum amount of carbohydrate every day. Once he ate more than the optimum number of grams of carbohydrate it would show up on the scale the next day.

This personal experience led him to specialize in treating weight problems, and, because the prevalence of diabetes is widespread among the overweight, he has become acutely interested in the treatment of that disease as well.

Dr. Atkins belongs to the school of thought which maintains, to state it in simplistic terms, that no two bodies have the same chemistry and therefore do not utilize food uniformly. In other words, one person can consume more carbohydrate, fat, or protein than another person without gaining weight because his chemistry is so constituted that it can metabolize the food properly. The trick obviously is to find the perfect balance for each person. This Dr. Atkins accomplishes by very thorough testing and then tailoring diets to fit each patient's needs. The three- to four-hour testing includes blood chemistry, urinalysis, electrocardiogram, and glucose tolerance tests.

Dr. Atkins does not buy the conservative viewpoint that most cases of overweight are caused simply by eating too much and exercising too little. When we mentioned this generally accepted hypothesis, his comment was, "No kidding, are doctors still saying that?" This is not to say that Dr. Atkins is against exercise or cutting down on calories or that calories don't count. He does believe that there are real metabolic imbalances responsible for most obesity and that individual needs differ widely.

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Diet

(Continued from page 137)

There are three symptoms of metabolic imbalance associated with blood sugar disorders which Dr. Atkins sees frequently: the patient who goes home and has the before-dinner cocktail, not for social reasons but rather because after taking the drink the patient feels a lift; the person who eats a chocolate bar for similar reasons, not to ease hunger pangs but to get a shot of energy; and the patient who is plagued by constant fatigue.

One thing Dr. Atkins does not believe in is having his patients suffer constantly from hunger. He feels that putting patients on a diet which keeps them always hungry is self-defeating. For that reason he has worked out diets with enough "free foods" (those which one can eat to the point of satiety) so that the person does not feel deprived or put upon. For instance, he allows his patients unlimited amounts of broiled or roasted breast of chicken or turkey or shrimp. Obviously a whole breast of chicken plus asparagus and sliced cucumbers should satisfy most people . . . at least for one meal. Naturally one can not diet and lose weight without exercising a modicum of self-control. There is no panacea for losing weight effortlessly, but as Dr. Atkins points out there are ways of using some of the latest techniques in testing hormone and metabolic imbalance and applying the knowledge gained from the results to help the patient diet more effectively. He does not prescribe appetite depressants because he believes that diets can be formulated which are filling and interesting and that every patient must learn to deal with his own natural appetite, not an artificially suppressed one.

An interesting switch occurred once when a patient sought help not to lose weight nor to gain weight but simply to maintain her lithe figure without always being hungry. Dr. Atkins says, "Here was a girl with a figure like a fashion model's who tearfully confessed that she had been hungry all her life. I felt as sorry for her as for my fat patients. After careful testing to determine what foods she could not tolerate—that is, foods she could not metabolize properly—we were able to work out a special program."

Although Dr. Atkins has significant success with his patients in accomplishing weight-loss, he admits that many of them lapse into their old bad eating habits. The most frequent cause of disaster is shutting the mind to the fact that a diet must be permanent or weight will climb right back.

Needless to say, not all the medical profession is in accord with the beliefs of Dr. Atkins and others who follow the same line of thinking. His reaction to the raised eyebrows of his colleagues is simply, "There is a lot of education to be done among the medical profession—particularly in getting the practising physician to accept the changing concept that obesity is a metabolic disturbance beyond that due simply to overeating, as recent research so graphically demonstrates."

JEROME C. KLEIN, M. D.

Physician and plastic surgeon, New York City.

Dr. Klein has a relatively simple method of treating overweight patients. He begins by giving them a number of tests to determine if they have any chronic illness, checks out heart, liver, and kidneys and does further testing to determine if there are any physiological reasons for the overweight. Once the testing is completed, medication is prescribed to take care of any real illness or metabolic imbalance.

Dr. Klein says, "In regard to hormone imbalance, only ten per cent of overweight patients show a hormone imbalance, but at least seventy-five per cent of overweight patients are anaemic. The anaemia seems to make them feel weak and tired. and as a result they eat and gain weight. But, the foods they choose do not correct their anaemia since they are apt to be very high in carbohydrate and fat content."

Dr. Klein gives his patients a 1,200-calorie-per-day diet, easy to follow whether one eats at home or out. Because so many of his patients are celebrities, people in public life or on the social merry-go-round, he is realistic enough to allow some dry white wine as a substitute for the cocktail. This way he says, "An ambassador's wife doesn't have to feel embarrassed because she doesn't have a glass in her hand." Dry white wine has a low concentration of alcohol and is lower in calories than distilled liquors or cordials—luckily champagne is in this category.

Because Dr. Klein considers himself an "old-fashioned" doctor, he spends a good deal of time with each patient listening to him. He is interested not only in his physical well-being but he is also sincerely interested in emotional problems, whether they involve husband-wife quarrels or worry about Johnny getting into Harvard.

Dr. Klein's interest in his patients' problems is twofold. He genuinely likes people and likes to help them, and, more importantly, he believes that the psychological state of the overweight person may have a bearing on his ability to stick to a diet.

Dr. Klein says, "If Mrs. X. comes in for her weekly check-up and I find she either hasn't lost any weight or has gained a pound or two, I know so much about her life and problems it is easy for me to figure she's had another fight with her husband, for example. She doesn't have to tell me because I know from experience that when her domestic life is serene she has no trouble staying on the diet."

We asked Dr. Klein his opinion of the relation of exercise to weight-loss. He said that, of course, a program of daily physical activity is a wise régime for everyone, slim or heavy, to follow. However, for the person who is overweight, he has observed from his own experience, greatly increased physical activity does little or no good and he gave us this illustration: Some years ago he had three women from Coney Island who were following his diet régime. They suggested to Dr. Klein that perhaps if they exercised more the weight would disappear more quickly. . . . "The ladies did a daily stint up and down the Coney Island boardwalk. Although each reported she felt better for the exercise, the scale the next week revealed his predicted outcome. Each had put on a pound or two. It wasn't that the exercise was wrong; the sea air and the activity had increased their hunger and they overate."

Dr. Klein is also a noted plastic surgeon. Cosmetic surgery, he feels, is a useful adjunct to reducing programs. . . . "When a woman has lost weight, she has an increased interest in plastic surgery to improve her appearance. By this I mean that if she has baggy upper and lower eyelids she wants a surgical correction. If her face has lines she wants that corrected. And if she has a turkey neck or jowls she would like to have that corrected but not with radical surgery—with a so called "fifteen-minute" tuck which takes approximately an hour and does not require hospitalization; it can be done with very little discomfort in the office. Cosmetic surgery procedures which once were very costly and complicated are now being simplified so that they can be done in the office."

Dr. Klein, who has a special empathy for women (which is not to say he is not equally interested in the health of their men), emphasizes that he will not do plastic surgery unless in his judgment it will definitely help the patient, both psychologically and cosmetically.

Over the years he has treated more than 10,000 patients but he ruefully admits that it is the rare patient who changes his eating habits so that the lost weight never returns. Change of habit, he says, is the crux of the matter if one does not wish to become a "repeater."

DR. JEAN MAYER

Professor of Nutrition, Harvard University.

A sound conservative, Dr. Mayer maintains that, although there is no single cause of overweight, there are many contributing factors such as heredity, environment, metabolic disturbances, lack of exercise, and simple overeating. Dr. Mayer believes that genetic factors tend to predetermine susceptibility to overweight, but he is convinced

that the only sensible method of weight control is to limit the intake and increase the output. In other words, eat less than your body expends in energy and you will lose weight.

"For overweight to develop," he says, "there have to be permissive interactions of the right genetic and environmental factors, or of traumatic factors with a favourable genetic and environmental background." In simple terms this means that if you have fat parents or even one or more fat grandparents you may inherit the tendency to become overweight. And, if some emotional upset starts you on the nibbling habit, you're almost certainly doomed to add pounds and store up fat.

On the other hand, two tall slim parents will rarely produce fat children any more than two short parents will produce tall slim children unless there have been tall slim antecedents, Dr. Mayer says . . . "Girls with long tapered fingers will never get fat."

What about the person who is thin all his life and then suddenly begins to put on fat during so-called "middle age"? Dr. Mayer refers to these people as "late bloomers." He believes that such persons have the genetic factors that make them susceptible to overweight, that by that time of life they have probably slowed down physical activity but not changed their eating habits to compensate for the more sedentary life. Also, they are probably more affluent at forty than at twenty. Thus it is easy to see that even if you eat about the same as you did at twenty-five years of age but have slowed down your physical activity you're going to have problems.

Dr. Mayer says ". . . what of the person who has not been taught or taught himself to act on normal satiety signals and waits until he feels stuffed or full to stop eating? The extra calories ingested may be few, but we must remember that an extra 100 calories a day—33 per meal, representing less than five per cent of the intake of an adult—are enough to cause disposition of ten pounds of fat a year."

According to Dr. Mayer, "Women are proportionately fatter than men at all ages, but the evolution of their fat content shows an increase with age parallel to that of the leaner sex. Active individuals who continue to exercise into middle age maintain a proportionately greater lean body mass (that part of the body which excludes adipose tissue) than do sedentary people."

Dr. Mayer decries those aspects of the American way of life which contribute to the fact that one in every three Americans has a weight problem. "We ride when we should walk—and that includes those damned school buses. We sit and watch television and allow our children to do the same. After a day's more or less sedentary work in an office, we sit around drinking cocktails before dinner—at 100 calories per ounce of liquor—to say nothing of the cheese and/or hors d'oeuvres nibbling."

A strong advocate of preventive medicine, Dr. Mayer stresses that the best solution to the overweight problem is to keep people thin in the first place.

A study conducted by Mayer and some of his associates with a group of high school girls in Brookline and Newton, Massachusetts, disclosed some interesting facts about activity and overweight. In studying equal groups of overweight and normal girls, matched for age and height, he found that the fat students fell into two groups. One consisted of girls who ate a little less than the normal-weight girls but exercised considerably less. Dr. Mayer says, "All the sitting activities were emphasized at the expense of walking and active sports. Watching television consumed four times as many hours in this group as it did in the normal-weight group.

"There was also a group of active overweight girls who ate a little more than the normals but exercised just as much. This group appeared more muscular so that while they were overweight they were probably less fat. Even though overweight children may be active in sports they probably move less than the normal active youngster.

(Continued on page 140)

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Water works

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Turning on the hair conditioner

. . . or what to do with a mane that all of a sudden isn't so sweet-sixteen—hair that's just *there* instead of swinging and shining and doing all those other things young hair does. Here's what to do. Turn on the cool of Gentle Care, inspiration of the Wella Company. Gentle Care does its thing gently, and does it fast—60 seconds is all it takes to rev up a new shine and bounce for droopy locks. After shampooing, dollop on some Gentle Care, rub in, pause a minute, rinse out. With hair strength restored, you may feel you have more hair than you started out with. And if you're big on the young silkiness and manageability of it all, you might think of keeping this particular hair conditioner turned on all year. Wella, why not?

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Never people to rest on their laurels are the well-loved oldliners in cosmetic country. Case in point is Imperial Formula, a beauty bastion whose blandishments have won the affection of an exacting coterie. Slipping smoothly into place to please still further: a scion of the royal house, called Enriched Moisture Lotion. This pale amber liquid is a special nighttime solace since its potency calls for just a few drops to work the fresh, dewy wonderment. By day it absorbs itself lightly, lastingly into thirsty skin at the mere meeting. Becomes the satiny, day-long basis for a smooth makeup job. Guarding each precious ration: a nifty sprinkler top to the bottle.

Diet

(Continued from page 139)

Motion picture studies of children swimming, playing tennis or volleyball show that the overweight subject is actually in motion only a fraction of the time that the thinner child is."

In addition to the real health hazards created by overweight, Dr. Mayer is concerned with another aspect in the life of the habitually overweight. It is society's attitude. Let's face it, fatties have always been derided in American society. This anathema to the overweight person causes colleges to think twice before admitting the fat student. A study shows that a girl's chance of being accepted at college—any college—is lessened by one-third if she is a real fatty. Fat boys fare only slightly better. It's a safe bet that employers take the same attitude.

Parents who want to save their children the humiliation of social exclusion because of overweight can begin early to form proper eating habits which, if followed, will stay with them and help them to be healthy, happy, well-adjusted adults. Above all, Dr. Mayer warns, don't stuff your child—he may not need as much as you think. But DO see that he eats enough of the right foods and has a well-balanced diet.

In the final paragraph of his book, *Overweight, Causes, Cost and Control,* Dr. Mayer writes: "After close to twenty years of research in the somatic, the psychologic, and the social aspects of obesity, I am as aware as any man of the gigantic gaps in our knowledge—and of the likelihood that many of our present concepts may be erroneous. At the same time I trust that the facts that we do know and which I have presented will be found useful to the therapist, to the patient, and to his family. Only unmitigated quacks can pretend at present that they have a method of treatment which is at the same time safe and permanently effective for all. Yet success is possible in many cases if the advice given . . . is followed by the patient, working closely with his physician."

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